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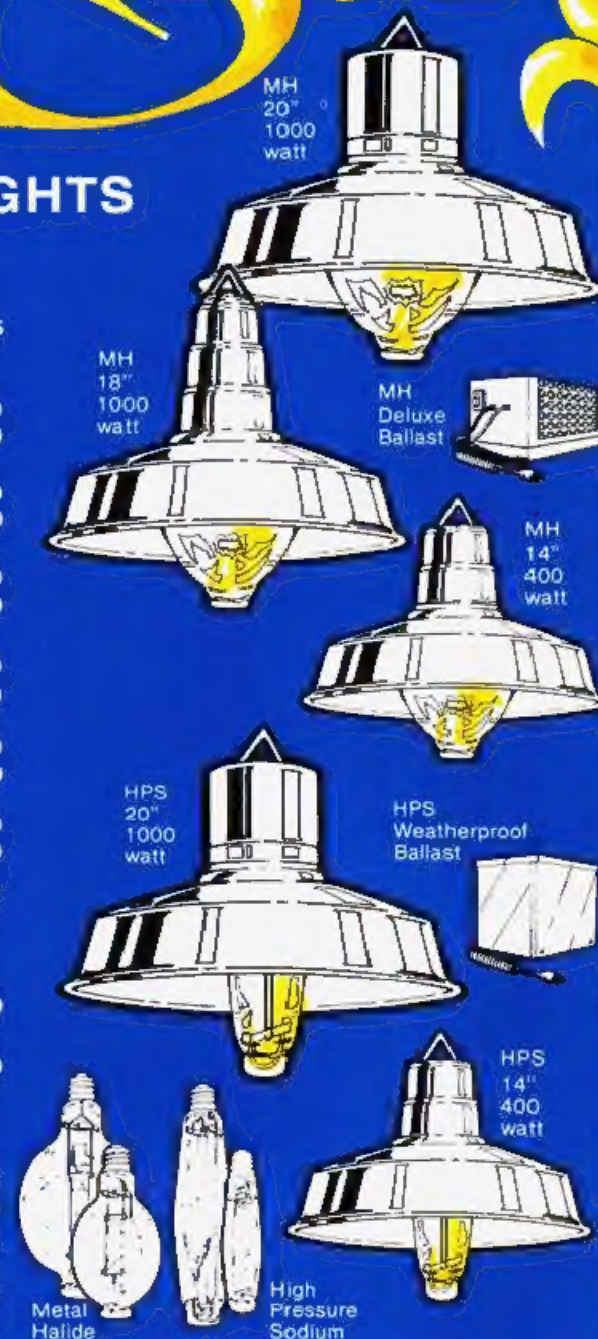
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HIGH TIMES

No. 105 May '84

FEATURES

Now I Lay Me Down to Smoke by "R"

Sequestered one winter in a remote region of Michigan's Upper Peninsula, the Connoisseur had his eyes opened to the power of genuine prayer. That experience, coupled with a few hits off the indigenous ditchweed, gave him a feeling that nourishes his spirit to this day

38

Tales from the Criminal Law Reporter by Pat Bishop

A compendium of some of the most intriguing, provoking and downright bizarre criminal cases ever dragged before an appeals court. To wit: the nun who smoked pot to ease the pain of her multiple sclerosis (the dope was grown by her church); the hooker who served as her own daughter's pimp; and the cops who bribed a five-year-old boy to rat on his parents. Join the fun as HIGH TIMES catches American jurisprudence with its pants down

52

Big Jack and the Unnamed Tribe, Part I by Ted Mann

They were sending him back. Exiling him from the donnish confines of his anthropology seminars and professor's study to the teeming jungles that lay east of Ecuador and smack-dab in the middle of headshrinking country, in spite of his tenure. They were sending him back because he'd become a shit. A onetime Golden Boy presently enduring a drinking problem, a busted marriage and a terminal case of the has-beens. Maybe things would be better with the jivaros. Humorous fiction from the creator of *Johnny Bob*

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Making Hash the Old-Fashioned Way by Edwin Franklin

"Americans have tried to extract the resin from marijuana plants by using boiling techniques, chemical techniques and other tortures, but they are often more trouble than they are worth. Instead, I use the old-world method of traditional hashmaking." So states the Unknown Hashmaker as he reveals his secret of converting worthless leaf into hashish, using the techniques of the ancient Moroccan hashmeisters

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

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32 Interview: Ed Rosenthal by Larry Sloman and George Barkin

Finally, an in-depth discussion with the man who literally wrote the book on marijuana cultivation. With over four million copies sold, Ed Rosenthal's *Marijuana Growers Guide* has become the bible of seasoned and budding horticulturalists alike. This month Ed adds to the stock of canonical information, generously sharing the experiences, opinions and insights of an indefatigable cannabis researcher.



44 The Secret Scrapbooks of Steve Cooper, Dope Photographer

Who put the tarantula in the crate of bananas that weren't really bananas, but condoms filled with cocaine? Where did the one-hundred-year-old bottle of Vin Mariani coca wine disappear to, and was it really poisonous? Why did the guy with the suitcase full of LSD always spray you with his spit when he talked? HIGH TIMES takes you behind the scenes of some of its most memorable visual effects, along with a two-ton Centerfold.



66 Hardcore California Charting the course of West Coast new-wave music from 1977 to the present, the authors of this month's special "Sounds" section vividly convey the cultural milieu that spawned such bands as the Damned, X, Fear and the Screamers. All-night orgies of sex, booze and adolescent frustration at the Canterbury; anti-parties at the Plungers' place; slam dancing at the Masque—and you thought L.A. was laid back.

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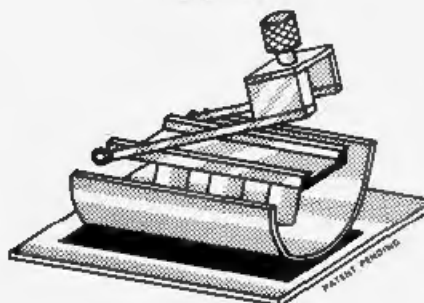
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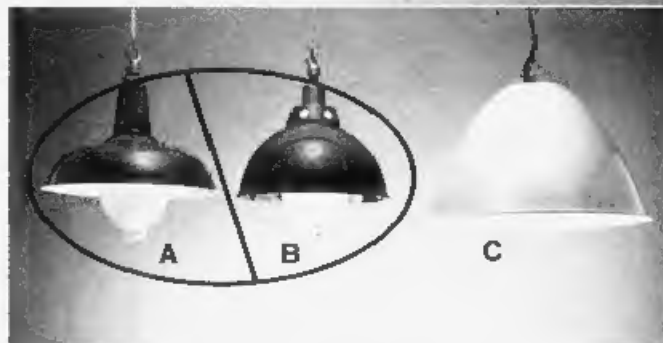
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A NORML Guy

Editor:

Congratulations on your news reports about "The Paraquat Panic of 1983," *HIGH TIMES*, Dec. '83, and "The Denny Raid," *HIGH TIMES*, Jan. '84. You're the only publication I know of that lays it on the line. When I read another magazine or the newspaper, I only read about how lucky we are to have a drug-enforcement agency like the one we've got.

Apparently, our government and our law-enforcement agencies are so wrapped up in their antidrug bullshit that they're forgetting what this country has stood for for more than 200 years. Don't get me wrong, I love my country, but when a country fights that many years to give its people freedom, rights and justice, and then certain people whom we entrust to honor, obey and enforce the laws in our country don't give a damn about those rights or the people that they are supposed to protect, I'd say we have the wrong people working for us.

How can somebody paraquat an area full of innocent people, or invade their property like common thieves and threaten to shoot them for just standing on their own property, and then turn around and say this is your tax dollars in action; we're doing this for your own good. Give some of these bastards a badge and they think they're God.

I don't have a job right now, but as soon as I'm employed again NORML will be seeing my donation; and I urge every reader of *HIGH TIMES* to make a donation to NORML. Let's face it, when NORML is down to only a few people against all of them, we're in trouble. Don't think that it only happens to the other guy, because they may be in your backyard next, and if NORML isn't around, who are you going to talk to about it—the guy wearing the badge in your backyard?

—Robert M. Codling, Jr.
Address withheld

Pot Pays

Editor:

I can't believe the government's reactionary obsession to stamp out marijuana in our lifetime. Uncle Sam can look the other way when tens of thousands die every year because of

alcohol use and abuse, while unleashing his storm troopers to raid private property and trample on the Bill of Rights on the possibility that someone might be growing himself a little stash (see "Denny Raid," *HIGH TIMES*, Jan. '84).

The money spent trying to wipe out the "drug counterculture" would be better invested in county extension services that would help growers get a more potent product with higher yields. Revenues brought in through taxation of the legal herb would wipe out the federal deficit in short order and keep Ronnie in bombs. Being a head would be socially acceptable, and farmers near bankruptcy could use this cash crop to get back in the black. Not to mention the fact that prices would drop and quality would increase.

Why does the government continue to overlook the social and financial aspects of a drug which is widely used and less hazardous than alcohol? It's time we all sent some money NORML's way for some heavy-duty lobbying in D.C. I believe it's to everyone's benefit that we take some action during this election year. A show of unity now may start a fire under some politicians to take action now, not

fifteen years down the road.

—H.L.

Hobart, Okla.

Postmarked "Bellevue"

Editor:

I like smoking pot and I like looking at pictures that show other people smoking pot too. Who am I?

—James Zwieg
Peekskill, N.Y.

When you say "Who am I?"—do you mean that rhetorically or what?—Ed.

The Way They Were

Editor:

I must dissent with one reader's opinion that appeared in the December's "Letters" section concerning current marijuana legislation. I personally feel that it is incorrect to assert that "... the potheads of the '60s were too spaced out" to have made any impact on today's political system, and that "we have made very little progress" in making acceptable marijuana laws a reality.

To substantiate my opinion I offer
/ continued on next page

Humboldt's Survivors

Editor:

Here is a photo of some prize buds just before last season's harvest in Humboldt County. These babies were the lucky ones that made it through CAMP. Sure, the helicopters made us nervous, but not enough to pull early. And they even taste better than they look.

—B.M.F.
Aspen, Colo.



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LETTERS

/ continued from previous page
these bits of information from the congressional record, "Analysis of laws governing marijuana," Jan. 20, 1970.

According to Georgia state law at this time, a first offense of selling marijuana to a minor is punishable by ten years to life imprisonment. A second offense warrants a minimum of ten years imprisonment or a maximum sentence of death.

An adult in Louisiana who sells any quantity of marijuana to a person less than twenty-one years of age could be legally put to death even if it was a first offense. Alabama, Illinois, Utah and Rhode Island had similarly outrageous sentences for this "crime." First-sale convictions, from ten years to life; and first-possession convictions, from five to forty years. Oh, and one important footnote, these drug sentences, once imposed, could not be abated by suspended sentencing, probation or parole. (If you got life, you got life.)

When comparing current marijuana laws to those of just a little over a decade ago, we must admit that maybe those potheads weren't so burnt out after all.

—Bycho
Atkinson, N.H.

Please Send Formula

Editor:

Your exposure of the illegal and anti-American activities of the DEA was excellent ("They're Selling Ergotamine Tartrate!" by Dean Latimer, HIGH TIMES, Feb. '84). Recently I sent away for a CCC catalog and received it. It is a gold mine of drug intermediates with a ball and chain behind every order. Chemical No. 578 on their list is called 1-piperidinocyclohexanecarbonitrile (say that ten times, fast) which is an immediate precursor to PCP. It is listed under Schedule II as a controlled chemical in Title 21 1308.131 of the federal code of regulations.

I wonder if the Atomic Energy Commission will be placing ads for plutonium in *Popular Science* in the future. Then the Justice Department could bust hobbyists for attempting to build atomic bombs. The Justice Department would not only be handling Angel Dust, but atomic weapons, too. Sounds rather unstable to me.

I am not familiar with the LSD-25 synthesis from ergotamine tartrate

using cyclohexanone and triethylamine that Hamadryad mentioned in Latimer's article. If you could send me the patent number, abstract number or journal reference number, it would be greatly appreciated.

—Name suppressed

Somewhere in New England

Sorry about that Hamadryad acid formula. Evidently it never existed, except possibly in the head of author Latimer's old kitchen-chemist buddy; although it would also be just like Latimer to have intentionally screwed up that formula in the process of transcribing it, so that nobody would be able to make acid, and get busted, and then blame him for tipping them to the recipe. You might have better luck following the DEA's own formula, as exhibited in this month's "Flashes" column.—Ed.



In Spite of It All

Editor:


Here's a photo of this year's crop, a Mexican/sativa cross. As you can see, our homegrown grew very well here in the Piedmont section of North Carolina, with the average plant height being six to ten feet. This year's drought conditions considerably thinned out the number of plants me and my buddy could bring in, and the aerial search and surveillance was quite a pain as well. So here's to next year's crop.

—Name withheld

Durham, N.C.

/ continued on page 15

1984 Calendar/Poster




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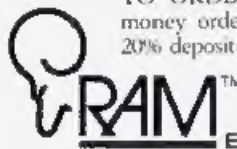
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Ouch!!

Ever think about nuclear war, ever really think about it so's you begin to visualize all those horrible things they're always tellin' us is gonna happen—like going home one day to find your house demolished and your mom and dad lying in the living room with their skins turned inside out and their heads swollen and black like burnt marshmallows? Sure you've thought of stuff like that, we all have. Well, here's one more tidbit of information to add to your dooms-

day scenario. According to the July '83 edition of *Nuclear Times*, the federal government has only managed to stockpile 71,000 pounds of raw opium painkiller to be "used in case of a national emergency" (read, "in case we go toe to toe in nuclear combat with the Commies"). Seventy-one thousand pounds of painkiller for a nation of over 240 million people! That breaks down to a little less than 150 milligrams of painkiller per U.S. citizen. Now, we're no medical journal, but we know that when a person's got internal organs running out his pants leg, 150 milligrams of opium isn't going to do him much good. Why not just give every survivor a Band Aid and a moist towel? The fact is, our government realizes to what a pitifully low level we've allowed our opium reserves to dwindle (opium reserve-figures for 1968, the year the Russkies vomited all over Czechoslovakia, were 143,556—about double what they are now), and they've begun to do something about it. Taking the stockpile out from under the jurisdiction of the Federal Emergency Agency (FEA) and placing it under the Department of Defense should help, as should upwardly revising the target goal to 130,000 pounds (which was reportedly done on guidance from the National Security Commission).

While we applaud these efforts, we feel compelled to point out that more can be done. It is common knowledge that in addition to our raw opium reserves the government has squirreled away some 700 pounds of opium seed. That's enough seed for a

field of 10,000 square acres! Why is

this seed growing so damn slowly?

Fort Collins, Colorado, and not in the

area, Wisconsin, and not in the

pooner. If ugly radiation burns and

irreversible genetic damage is the

price we must pay to keep the good

less' hand of bolsheviks from

threats—so how can the 10,000

acres of opium seed at Chief's not

have been used to grow us with our opi-

um down.

From Polski with Love

The poster shown to the right is the work of Marek Moskal, a graphic artist living in Gliwice, Poland. Marek wrote and told us that he came across a copy of HIGH TIMES recently and liked it very much. He submitted this illustration of a marijuana plant with its leaves bent into the Solidarity salute and asked that we print it. Marek, *jest nasza przyjemnością umieszcic to w naszym zurnalu*. Okay?



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/ continued from page 9

Down on DEA

Editor:

Your article on the DEA's Operation Optimal in your Feb. '84 issue ["They're Selling Ergotamine Tartrate!"] was a much-needed and well-written investigation into that organization's modus operandi. It's tough to get the straight media to take on the DEA and the way it's run, because any attitude short of base spaniel fawning is considered "prodrug," and no self-respecting news editor dares to be thought of in that way. Meanwhile, the DEA festers and grows more and more corrupt. The major reason for existence becomes ensuring its continuation as a bureaucratic organization, and not the proper enforcement of our nation's drug laws.

—Name and address withheld

Legalize What?

Editor:

Regarding your article on boot 'ludes in your Jan. '84 issue, I would, as a very experienced person on the Quaalude scene, like to add some insight! First of all, stop taking bootlegs! There has not been any tolerable boots since the middle of 1980. The raw methaqualone shipped from Canada was last made into boots at that time, and those were the last of the "good boots." The 'ludes manufactured from the *methaqualone de Canada* were manufactured in Miami.

Also, the presses in South America have stopped—not because they can't get European methaqualone, but because of the coke trade. Not only is coke much more profitable (an understatement) than Quaaludes, but the heavies in the cocaine business don't want 'ludes around. They make people sloppy, and you can't have sloppy people working in any aspect of the coke trade.

I would also like to have on record that I ingested one to three 300-milligram methaqualone tablets or capsules a day for five years, and when they were no longer available, I had no physical withdrawals. The people dropping dead from Quaaludes are taking boots, and they are usually mixing them with alcohol. Quaaludes do guarantee a psychological dependence for the daily user, but it is much nicer to be dependent on Quaaludes than something like Valium, Librium

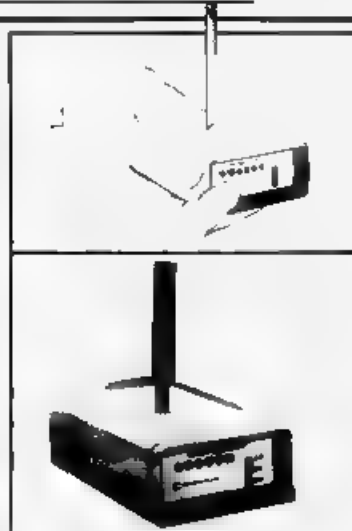
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LETTERS

or any other of those disgusting sedatives or depressants.

I say let's lift the ban on Quaaludes! Who are these scumbags taking away our rights? Ban the ban!

—Anonymous

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Methaqualone provides a pretty good example of what law-enforcement types call "success" in drug-eradication efforts. In early 1983, according to the Up Front drug-information service in Miami, bootleg 'ludes were very plentiful, at that time, as a result, 20 percent of all people seeking admittance to South Florida drug-therapy agencies reported "downers" (mainly boot 'ludes) as the primary drug they were in trouble with, and 37 percent of all entrants reported they did 'ludes at least once a month. By the autumn of 1983 only 4 percent of all entrance-seekers cited downers as their primary drug, and only 18 percent of all entrants had been doing 'ludes regularly.

Perhaps the main factor contributing to this dip in 'lude statistics, suspects Up Front administrator Jim Hall, was the appearance of a lot of really poisonous boot 'ludes on the street last summer. A lot of 'ludes were turning out to be contaminated with orthotoluidine, a methaqualone precursor that causes painful liver and bladder troubles; this indicated forcefully that the Mob chemists making 'ludes were using slipshod techniques, and people began to shun boots as word got around. Then a big batch came in which contained tetracycline along with the methaqualone, suggesting that the Mob chemists now were dumping veterinary antibiotics into their boots, just for filler. The results were so sick-making that by and by, virtually no one was prepared to take their chances on 'ludes at all.

If methaqualone weren't so illegal, of course, there'd be no need for Mob chemists putting out poisonous versions of it. But as long as the police make the Mob necessary, they'll go on poisoning people, until people wise up and cease buying anonymous white pills. And thus law enforcement achieves a stunning triumph in drug eradication, at the mere cost of God knows how much permanent liver damage to how many folks. —Ed.

Natural Earth

Editor:

I live next to Asilomar State Park and it has outlawed walking on the

natural sand dunes. They officially determined that our feet cause all of the erosion and damage in the sand dunes. The fact is that the state park is dominated by a multi-million-dollar nonprofit convention-center concession. These buildings and their asphalt cover seventy percent of our public property. The only area which they have not built on yet is the sand dunes. They have been fighting the naturally drifting sand for twenty-five years. These dunes were originally mostly pure white sand before they started planting nonnative ice plants all over the dunes.

Environmentalism was supposed to give all Americans the opportunity to walk on public property in its natural condition. The California state parks have gone the other way. After they absorb the sand dunes into the corporation there won't be any more natural earth to walk on. Most people in this community do not want any more state park wire fences. I saw some turkey get a one-year suspended sentence and twenty hours of work-release just because he was picking up twigs for a fire. I asked the ranger about this policy, because I walk on the sand dunes every day.

So I started a campaign to restore our right to walk on the natural earth of all public property. Write to a politician and tell them how you feel about walking on the natural earth in our state parks.

—Michael Bogatrev
Pacific Grove, Calif

Good luck!—Ed.

Legal Aid

Editor:

May I take this opportunity to thank your publication for its fine monthly service feature, the HIGH TIMES Legal Directory. As most of us who've had experience with our judicial system are well aware—especially those of us who've been involved in any drug-related litigation—"justice" is not something dispensed by the courts, it's something that a good attorney can [hopefully] get for you. And there are a lot of shysters out there who'll just take your money and cut you a bad deal. With your listing of NORML-approved lawyers you're giving us all a chance for a fair shake.

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NO. 105

BOLIVIAN COKE WAR STALLS; SILES REGIME IS SHAKY

U.S. THREATENS TO AX ALL AID IF DRUG PROGRAM KEEPS FALTERING

L A P A Z, B O L I V I A

A CONCERTED ATTEMPT BY the Reagan administration to shut down the supply of cocaine at its agricultural source here seems destined for difficult straits, if not outright failure. And U.S. officials are beginning to complain publicly about the situation, perhaps in the hope that, even if they do not succeed in wiping out the coke trade, they may at least reap the residual political benefit of being seen to have tried.

After boycotting drug interdiction in Bolivia during three and a half years of cocaine-corrupt military rule, the United States rejoined the drug war when the last in a series of juntas ceded power to left-wing democrat Hernan Siles Zuazo in October 1982. Since then, U.S. personnel have been flown in and grand plans launched to greatly curtail the illicit coca trade.

The strategy negotiated with the Siles government has been a surprisingly humane one. It calls for a combination of crop substitution and increased law enforcement to reduce coca-leaf production by about 95 percent. The remaining 5 percent would allow the Andean Indians of the region, who have depended upon coca leaves for nourishment and sustenance for centuries, to continue their traditional legal consumption.

So far, though, coca production has actually risen under Siles, and most U.S.-planned programs have either proven fruitless, or have stalled before they could get under way. For instance, a U.S.-Bolivia agreement, signed in September '83, authorized



President Hernan Siles Zuazo

\$14.4 million in aid to support substitution of other crops for coca in the Chapare region west of the city of Santa Cruz; but not a single dollar of it has been spent, simply because the central government in La Paz lacks control of the targeted area. The coca barons there are better armed and equipped than the "authorities," and maintain the support of the local peasantry.

The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), meanwhile, put up about \$40,000 for an operation that ended in the arrest, in November, of two known coca traffickers in northern Beni Department. In that maneuver, Bolivian narcopolice also seized a tiny

amount of cocaine, two airplanes and a ranch of more than 13,000 acres. About two weeks later the arrestees were sent back from La Paz to the town of Trinidad, in Beni, to be held in the custody of local officials. Within two more weeks they had been released, and their property, with the exception of the cocaine, had been returned.

Orders soon went out from La Paz for them to be arrested again, but as of mid January they had not been heard from, nor had the Beni prosecutor under whose authority they were released. It is widely believed here that \$250,000 in bribes changed hands to spring these two.

Therein lies the problem: The DEA pops for \$40,000 to get these kingpins busted, but their organizations are able to spend more than six times that amount to induce sufficient corruption to put them back on the street.

Even the U.S. plan to expend up to \$75 million over the next five years in a broad-based campaign against the illicit cocaine industry is meaningless in a country where the estimated annual untaxable revenue from the drug is more than a billion dollars and the government reckons 200,000 people are employed in coca growing and processing. And while the cocaine business continues to thrive, the overall economy of Bolivia seems locked into a perpetual spiral of decline. The annual inflation rate is over 300 percent, and there appear to be no sources of revenue from which the government will ever be able to pay off its approximately \$4 billion in international debts.

There is an oft-repeated anecdote which vividly reveals the absurd distortion of the Bolivian economy:

Roberto Suarez is perhaps the most powerful and widely known of Bolivia's coca barons. His openhanded policies toward the Indians on his vast *fincas* in El Beni Department have gained him a reputation as a kind of folk hero, a virtual Robin Hood of cocaine. When the government of the corrupt generals who preceded Siles was becoming shaky, Suarez is said to have offered to assume the entire international debt himself—just to help out, you know.

In this bizarre context, U.S. "diplomats" in La Paz have chosen to threaten Siles with a reduction of overall economic aid if Washington-mandated antidrug programs are not quickly shown to be more successful. According to Lee Peters of the U.S. State Department's Bolivia desk, "aid packages" negotiated since Siles took office amount to about \$200 million, including "narcotics" money. Nonetheless, an average "aid year," he says, amounts to only \$16 to \$20 million—an amount that cannot begin to deal with the primary problem of strengthening and stabilizing the central government.

And Siles's security in office is anything but assured (He may have been deposed by the time you read this.) Under attack from both the Left and Right, the last thing he



Bolivia's Chapare region is roughly outlined above by the shaded area that touches the departments of Santa Cruz, Cochabamba and Beni. Coca growing areas, however, stretch along the mountain slopes all the way from Chile to northern Colombia.

needs is a reduction, or even the threat of a reduction, in U.S. aid. Much of his most vocal opposition emanates from organized labor and the pro-Cuban Left, who are holding hunger strikes to press for wage increases that wouldn't nearly keep pace with inflation. At the same time, the Confederation of

resignation of Siles's cabinet. His refusal to accept 14 out of the 18 resignations drew another censure from Congress in January and raised speculation of still another Bolivian military coup.

So Washington is demanding immediate action in its international drug war while Dr. Rafael Otazo, chairman of National Committee for Struggle Against Narcotics Traffic, in La Paz, is telling the U.S. mission that "to really combat the cocaine traffic here you need at least \$1 billion."

To most observers, U.S. policy-makers seem to have painted themselves into a corner. Even if Bolivia had a billion dollars to fight the coke industry, it is doubtful that they could accomplish anything toward that end without first stabilizing the economy and establishing control of their own territory.

And, in the absence of all-out U.S. support for Siles—with no strings attached—it is unlikely that he can long remain in office. If he is removed, there are likely to be only two possible courses for Bolivia: an effort by the revolutionary Left to seize power, followed by a civil war in which the cocaine industry will thrive; or another military coup by a coterie of generals, under whose corrupt dictatorship the cocaine industry will thrive.

**"To really
combat the cocaine
traffic here you
need at least
\$1 billion."**

Private Businessmen opposes all pay raises and predicts "the possibility of civil war if measures are not taken to avoid street demonstrations and roadblocks."

The Congress, in December, officially condemned the administration's austerity measures—price increases, currency devaluation, etc.—and that act produced the mass

★ CELEBRITIES ON PARADE ★

BUSTED IN BARBADOS, PAUL CRAVES MARIJUANA DECRIM

L O N D O N, E N G L A N D

"LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT!" Rock 'n' roll idol performer **Paul McCartney** cheekily told a shocked contingent of reporters at Heathrow Airport in London, fresh from his latest narcotic-drug escapade in the Caribbean. *"I don't think I'm setting an example to anyone. I'm just being my own self in my own time."*

Disbelieving press correspondents could discern no trace of remorse in the 41-year-old singer's cocky demeanor, despite the drugs tragedy that had afflicted his family—**Paul, Linda, Stella, Mary and James**—on their recent holiday in Barbados, a popular (and drug-ridden) resort island not far from Florida, USA. The famous ex-Beatle, a role model for teenagers the world over, had bought some marijuana on the beach there and taken the drug to his swanky vacation villa. But a scandalized witness to the narcotics transaction "tipped" the police, and they promptly raided the premises, seized the drug and arrested Paul and Linda.

Paul's attempt to obtain illicit drug "thrills" resulted in a deadly choice: either pay a \$200 fine for possession of the stupefying contraband, or stay 14 days in jail! The famous pop singer-composer quickly "coughed up" the fine, and flew back to England scot-free.

Putting on a brave face for the British nondrug press at Heathrow, McCartney pretended to be not the slightest bit ashamed. *"Let's face it, this is something I like to do,"* he even bragged—*"having a drop of cannabis."* ("Cannabis" is a Carnaby Street slang term for marijuana, pot, boo, gage, muggles, weed, Mary Jane, smoke, wacky-baccy, whatever. But it's all the same thing.)

Outraged and grief-stricken by Paul's pathological denial of

his obviously shattering abuse-addiction problem, press representatives urged McCartney to at least think of his own children, and the pernicious effect his example of drug-seeking behavior sets for them. The unrepentant rock idol only snarled back

"All I ask is to be allowed, in the privacy of my own room, like homosexuals, to be allowed to do something which I reckon is not very harmful."

But nondrug-using government scientists, who know much, much more about the effects of pot than this self-admitted lifelong 41 year-old millionaire abuser, report that disturbing new scientific evidence shows that marijuana is harmful after all, and so there!



Paul McCartney pauses to banter with reporters after his release from police custody in Barbados.

EX-CONGRESSMAN CONFESSES TO FIVE-MONTH COKE BENDER

S A N F R A N C I S C O, C A L I F O R N I A

REP. JOHN BURTON served the interests of San Francisco's Golden Gate district

in Congress from 1975 to 1982, and spent the last five months of his tenure there strung out on cocaine, he told "Good Morning, America" recently. At host **David Hartman's** prurient prodding, ex-Representative Burton fulsomely recreated the embarrassments and inconveniences of his \$100,000 binge on Capitol Hill ho-ho powder, noting in passing that the lamentable episode transpired at the very same time as Washington whitewash artist **Joe Califano** was conducting his legendary "investigation" into charges of doping and teenage-aide-fucking by elected officials. And although Califano did manage to trot out a couple of notable teenage-aide-fuckers, he was unable to finger a single sitting congressional doper—even with Representative Burton, for one, burning up the benzoylmethylcognine like that, at the very same time.

"I guess in one way, Congress is not representative of the population at large," Representative Burton deadpanned to Hartman, *"because they found no drug addiction in Congress."* Drug-free Hartman allowed that that was a great mercy.

NEW HAVEN INVESTIGATES JUNKHEAD RIGHTS OFFICIAL

N E W H A V E N, C O N N E C T I C U T

POLICE IN NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, RECENTLY OPENED AN all-out investigation into charges that the head of the city's Equal Opportunity Commission is a heroin addict. The charges were made by the EOC commissioner, **Maurice Sykes**, himself.

"It's hell every day," asserts Commissioner Sykes—speaking of every day since he owned up to his addiction and prompted this vengeful police investigation into every aspect of his personal and public life.

Other city officials, such as mayoral aide **Joseph Carbone**, have commended Sykes for his "courage and guts" in confessing his five-year addiction problem and seeking treatment for it. In fact, when the other members of the Equal Opportunity Commission convened to decide what to do about Sykes—and they could have fired him—they wound up giving him a resounding vote of confidence.

No one has suggested that Sykes's work for the city—monitoring complaints of discrimination in local housing and employment practices since last May—has been anything less than exemplary. Police detectives charge, nevertheless, that Sykes has somehow become a pernicious "role model" for "youth" now that he's publicly admitted his addiction, sought treatment and described the ugliness and fear of being an addict. *"It's a lonely life,"* he says. *"I was heading for self-destruction."*

SCOPOLAMINE MICKEY FELLS GAMBLING JOHN

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

"I'S THE SAME OLD STORY—AGAIN," says a veteran New Jersey detective. "Man wants hooker, man takes hooker upstairs, man goes to sleep, man loses all his money."

In this case, though, it wasn't good, whole-some alcoholic coma, but the dreaded "twilight sleep" of scopolamine that rendered the victim, a Michigan tourist at flashy Caesars Hotel/Casino, insensible to the rifling of his wallet and belongings. While the poor John twittered and squeaked in delirium, a hooker made off with \$13,000 in cash and about \$6,000 worth of jewelry. It was only the latest in a year-long series of "knockout drop" robberies, which the ladies of the evening in this wide-open gambling town have apparently perfected.

Scopolamine is a superb antihistamine, included in countless over-the-counter cold

and allergy remedies, which in large doses promotes a type of "waking coma," ideal for the purposes of thuggery and thievery. Found naturally in the henbane plant (*Hyoscyamus niger*), scopolamine has been used since time immemorial as a knockout potion. Stories from the *Arabian Nights*, with their origins in the pre-Muhammadan Orient, speak of the use of henbane-infused potions called *bhang* by highwaymen and predatory harlots. The drug has also been used by medicinal healers and visionary shamans, like Carlos Castaneda's "Don Juan," to promote anesthesia and "flying" trances. Untold thousands of Americans were dosed into insensibility on scopolamine (and its related "tropane belladonna alkaloids," atropine and hyoscyamine) around the turn of the century, in popular but harebrained schemes to "cure" morphine addiction.

In high doses, a person on scopolamine is flushed, feverish and exceedingly dehydrated. The eyes are bright, the pupils are dilated, and the subject sees and hears things that seem to have a concrete presence but aren't really there. The voice acquires a shrill, squeaky tone, and the subject typically says the same thing over and over again.

It was in just such a state that this unfortunate Michigan tourist, age 32, was found by friends in his room at Caesars, the prime gaming hell in town. When he recovered—fatal overdoses of scopolamine are nearly unheard-of in adults and treatment is quick and easy—he told police he had simply met a shapely, attractive young woman downstairs in the bar, and invited her back to his room for a drink. The drinks were screwdrivers, and the pretty lady prepared them.

"And that's about all he remembers," says Capt. James Dooley of the special Casino Hotel Investigations Unit of the Atlantic City police. He told reporters that the drinking tumblers, vodka and orange juice were all being subjected to forensic analysis in the police laboratory, and it was expected that scopolamine traces would be found in them.

"Scopolamine is available only by prescription," a UPI wire story on this lamentable incident claimed. UPI was wrong. Just look at the label on any over-the-counter seasickness remedy.

KENTUCKY ARISTOCRAT DENIES GUILT IN COKE CASE

FORMER GOVERNOR BROWN NOT INDICTED IN DEEPENING SCANDAL

by Mark Swain

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

INDICTED AT LAST ON A FEW YARDS OF COKE moving charges, plus a host of related criminal conspiracies involving numerous notable high-society acquaintances, Lexington restaurateur John P. Lambert anticipates a speedy exoneration. "They've come up with a grand-jury indictment to justify the time and means they've spent on this thing," Lambert says wearily of the federal government's three-year investigation. "But the bottom line is based on suppositions and things that are untrue, and it won't hold up for a second in a court of law."

So much for the 59 counts of possession and distribution of cocaine which the feds laid on Lambert early this year, and the count of conspiracy to move the stuff, and the illegal firearms charge. So much also for the alleged conspiracy to obstruct justice, the theft of government documents and the illegal disclosure of secret grand-jury transcripts. John P. Lambert does not anticipate going to jail for any of this, any more than does his lifelong chum John Y. Brown, governor of



Ex-Gov. John Y. Brown: not indicted.

Kentucky until last year. U.S. attorney Louis DeFalaise says he can see no reason for indicting Brown for any of this scandal, and that clearly gives Lambert a good deal of confidence.

When John Y. Brown was president of

Kentucky Fried Chicken, before he was governor, John P. Lambert held the entire South American franchise thereof. When Lambert bought the Lum's Restaurant chain from Caesars World—the Vegas-Atlantic City gambling combine—he sold it to the governor for a song. The feds say Lambert moved "millions of dollars" in cold cash, on Brown's behalf, between Kentucky racetracks and Nevada casinos—presumably to dispose of the governor's chronically phenomenal racetrack winnings, although it's very possible that, somehow, a heavy infusion of illicit cocadollars may have leaked into some of those interstate currency shipments. Brown and Lambert were coowners (with NFL superscrambler Paul Hornung) of a Cincinnati nightclub, the manager of which is currently in an Ohio slam on a coke conviction and a listed coconspirator in the present Kentucky indictment. Brown sold Lambert, for a pittance, the luxurious Kentucky home which cops raided last summer to discover coke, guns and highly confidential, governor's-eyes-only police documents pertaining to the very investigation which led to the raid. And so on. (See "Investiga-

/ continued on page 27

TEEN RUNNERS SERVE MOTOWN SMACK TRADE

by Charles Winston-Levy

D E T R O I T, M I C H I G A N

"WE'RE NOW GOING AFTER FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLDS WHO ARE very experienced criminals," reveals Detroit DEA supervisor Robert De Fauw. "The kids who were runners at twelve are now fifteen and working in supervisory positions."

A runner peddles the little manila coin envelopes full of brown sugar and heroin in parking lots and backstreet courtyards around Montrey-Dexter, the innermost-city area. Addicts from all around the Great Lakes flock to Detroit to score bundles of guaranteed-quality "Murder One" or "Rolls-Royce" doojie from these kids, who get to keep \$3 out of every \$13-bag they peddle. And the 12-year-olds are closely guided by slightly older youths who've graduated to a more exalted watchdog slot.

These "supervisors" make sure that none of their protégés nip at the heroin stock, and return a faithful accounting of all monies gained to the adult proprietors of the operation, the feds say. For this they receive a cash salary and copious perks such as cars, trips to Las Vegas and so on. DEA supervisor De Fauw recently told reporters about a 15-year-old youngster who paid \$62,000 cash from a "brown paper bag" for a snazzy black 500-SEL, at an undesignated "suburban" Mercedes-Benz dealership. Even the *New York Times* relayed this story as Pulitzer-quality truth, although the minimum driving age in Michigan is 16.

Nevertheless, this koddie-running arrangement is a long-standing and thoroughly documented phenomenon in Detroit. Similar setups appear from time to time in many cities where heroin is sold, but rarely have the kids been organized with such professional

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CANNABIS MARCH HITS BIG APPLE THIS MONTH

N E W Y O R K C I T Y

THE WORLD CANNABIS March, scheduled for 5 May in New York, is the Fifth Avenue Pot Parade Coalition's protest against the infamous United Nations Single Convention on narcotics, the international agreement instigated by the United States in 1961 when this country had much more influence with third-world nations than it does now.

The problem with the Single Convention is that it binds all of the 110 signatory countries to the maintenance of strict laws against the possession or trafficking of any cannabis product. Obviously, a large number of these nations pay mere lip service to these laws—or enforce them only against those individuals who fail to pay the proper bribes—but the convention stands as a barrier to any country's repeal of the marijuana prohibition, and helps reinforce the image of pot as a dangerous and pernicious substance that must be outlawed.

This protest, organized principally by the New York Yippies, will begin at 11 A.M. in Washington Square Park and end with a rally in Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza at East 47 St. and First Ave. at 2 P.M. The program will feature rock music from a mobile soundstage, and speakers from Europe and the United States. Representatives from six European countries participated in last year's first annual World Cannabis March. Among the legalization advocates scheduled to appear is Hans-Georg Behr, drug policy

adviser to the Green Party of West Germany.

A central theme of the protest promises to be that the continued law-enforcement efforts against marijuana are a calculated diversion from the far more perilous problem of an ever-accelerating and highly profitable epidemic of heroin addiction.

SMOKE-INS, PROTESTS, POT CONFERENCES, ETC.

The following schedule of events was compiled from information provided by the New York Yippies and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). An updated version of this list will appear each month in Highwitness News. Inquiries about specific events should be directed to the Yips, NORML or local sponsoring organizations. The Yips can be reached at Smoke-in Central, (212) 533-5028; NORML's Washington number is (202) 331-7363. If you are working on an event that should be added to this schedule, please send the relevant information, at least three months in advance, to: News Dept., HIGH TIMES Magazine, 17 W 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

UN Cannabis March (Yippies), Fifth Ave., New York City.	May 5
Turn-yourself-in-for-one-joint Smoke-in (Yippies), Morristown, New Jersey.	May 12
Iowa Peace Chautauqua Smoke-in, Living History Farms, Des Moines, Iowa (local number: [319] 353-7018).	May 19-20
High Noon Smoke-in (Yippies), Chicago, Lincoln Park (local number: [312] 235-7914).	June 9
Lobbying for Freedom conference on marijuana and other civil-liberties issues (NORML), Washington, D.C.	June 10
White House Smoke-in (Yippies), Washington, D.C.	July 3-4
Marijuana parade to Democratic Convention (Yippies), San Francisco.	July 14
Regional marijuana reform conference (NORML), Portland, Oregon.	July 28-29
Protest Myopic Majority's War on Everything (Yippies), coinciding with Republican Convention, Dallas.	August 20-23

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

FAR EAST HEROIN SURPLUS SPURS ADDICTION EPIDEMIC

H O N G K O N G

A SERIES OF UNPARALLELED POPPY HARVESTS over the last four years has left Asian heroin movers with ruinously overloaded inventories, forcing a veritable close-out sale of merchandise which may have doubled or even trebled the number of heroin addicts in many developing nations between Pakistan and Malaysia. The smack movers, who previously had always concentrated on shipping their dope to Europe and America, have been compelled to dump a lot of it on local markets, and the result has been an unprecedented prevalence of dirt-cheap heroin, extremely pure, on the streets of Asian cities everywhere. For the first time ever, Hong Kong—where one person in every hundred is a practicing addict—has been displaced as the most junk-infested region of the Far East.

In Malaysia, just 10 years ago, the number of heroin addicts was estimated at barely 10,000; currently the number is at least 250,000, out of a total population of only 14 million. The number of practicing addicts in Thailand has doubled in recent years, and there are now well over 400,000 addicts there among a total population of 48 million souls. To provide an indication of what that means in America—where heroin supposedly causes so much criminal mischief and calamity—there are barely 500,000 addicts among a population of 250 million.

In Asian cities, though, heroin addiction has not so far been a cause of any terrific increase in property crime or violence, largely because it's so cheap here, and because so very many people use it. (For every confirmed addict there may be an average of 20 nonaddicted occasional users.) Thai addiction researcher, Prof. Vichai Poschayachunda, of Chulalongkorn University, asserts, "Our users still aren't, in the majority, the alienated population, in the sense of social outcasts. They still live with their families. They don't have the pressure to commit crime."

In fact, Hong Kong narcotics officials keep close tabs on reported addicts—there are 50,000 of them among the Crown Colony's population of 5.6 million—and they report that precisely 67 percent of the current crop is gainfully and regularly employed.

The oversupply of heroin throughout the region springs from many factors besides optimum opium weather in the hills of Burma, Thailand and Laos. Perpetual sectarian tumult from Lebanon to Afghanistan has greatly aided the production of "Golden Crescent" Islamic heroin, which has pretty



Heroin addiction, which once severely afflicted only Hong Kong, has now increased dramatically throughout most of the countries of the Golden Triangle

much copped the European and American markets from the traditional "Golden Triangle" suppliers of Southeast Asia. Additionally, the Western buying market seems to have peaked out—the number of new addicts is no longer rising steeply in Europe and America—giving the Asian smack merchants little choice but to exploit the local Asian population.

Urbanization and the unprecedented economic boom throughout developing Asian countries also contribute to the addiction upsurge. "The use of drugs by ex-rural people who have come to a city has gone up like mad," Prof. Viz Navaratnam of Malaysia recently pointed out for the *Wall Street Journal*. Uprooted and dispossessed peasants traditionally resort to any available dope in urban environments, as the endemic smoking of poisonous base coca-paste in South American cities demonstrates.

American addiction expert Dr. Peter Bourne has observed several other heroin-fostering factors in contemporary Asia. The Malaysian boom in rubber and industrial metals has, for the first time, introduced millions of people there to regular cash wages: a regular infusion of disposable cash, simply enough, makes possible the mainte-

nance of a regular heroin habit. "There is also a special sort of toleration characteristic to Buddhist religious and social traditions." Dr Bourne points out Buddhists, by nature, do not bother themselves much about other peoples' personal quirks and private habits, as long as they're peaceable and orderly; and heroin addicts are notably peaceful and orderly—as long as they have regular access to the drug.

In just 10 years, the number of heroin addicts in Malaysia has gone from barely 10,000 to at least 250,000.

Ironically, both the success of government drug-suppression tactics and "the improvement in the availability of medical services" have worked to augment the addiction upsurge, Bourne concludes. In the early '70s, for example, the Laotian government embarked on a ferocious poppy-eradication binge, burning and pesticing the local crops and jailing opium movers. As a result, the opium traffickers resorted to cooking up pure heroin in labs right out in the hills, because heroin is so much easier to smuggle than opium. "Traditionally, opium in Asia was smoked only by elderly men," Bourne points out. "There were very emphatic social conventions governing opium use. It simply was not proper for young people to take it. But when it suddenly turned into an unrecognizable white powder, there were no social controls at all over it anymore, and younger people began to try it."

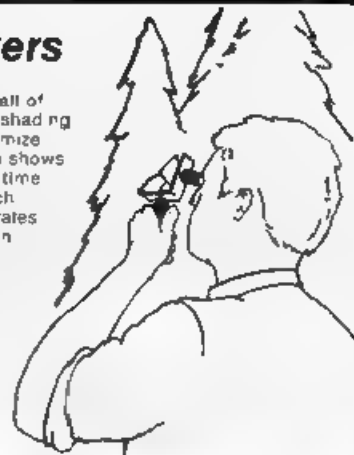
At much the same time, modern medical techniques reached Asian cities, and became standard everywhere. Of course, while this has alleviated untold suffering and misery, it has also made disposable syringes universally available.

American law-enforcement authorities have for years promoted heroin-suppression drives throughout Asia, to try to keep the stuff from being smuggled to the West. It's not known if they'll trouble themselves to work as strenuously against a domestic smack trade, or even if regional Asian authorities would be wise to mount an American-style antih heroin crusade. With this many addicts already permanently strung out on smack, any sharp drop in its availability would only prompt an increase in price, driving all those addicts directly to crime

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TEEN RUNNERS

/ continued from page 23

efficiency and long-term reliability.

The feds claim the current arrangement is largely the work of one local dope dealer named Jones, who set it all up quite suddenly around 1980, when he was in his mid-20s, shortly after his release from a long prison sentence for manslaughter. While this is obviously unlikely, the DEA's allegations that this Jones person consolidated the whole teen-running industry into one commercial entity—which the feds colorfully called “Young Boys, Inc.”—helped put Jones away recently on a bang-up “continuing criminal enterprise” indictment. They were able to hang Jones with responsibility for moving \$350,000 worth of skag every week, and Jones went away for life and change.

The incarceration of this latter-day Fagin did not, somehow, put any dent in the prevalence of teenage heroin-running on the Detroit streets, though. Indeed, the feds are now complaining that things are worse than ever, somehow, and demanding funds to set up complicated federal-state-local “task forces” with novel police powers. They want to be permitted to make wholesale street sweeps, scooping up likely looking juveniles and holding and interrogating them without regard to juvenile laws; and they want colossal new infusions of taxpayer-supplied “buy money,” so that their informant fees can be competitive with the \$300 plus per day which can be earned by a tolerably numble 13-year-old runner. Federal authorities anticipate that if they can turn over a good number of these teenagers and send them back into the heroin industry as undercover informants, the kids who survive may lead them to the “Mr. Bigs” who must (presumably) control the whole apparatus.

Something of this sort may be operating already, to go by the recent upsurge of violence between the two biggest local street gangs: the “Pony Downs” and the “Achidas,” who can be distinguished by the brand of running shoes they wear. The disappearance of Mr. Jones from the scene, and the break-up of his Young Boys, Inc., was reliably succeeded by a rash of teenage kidnappings, beatings, rumbles and other manifestations of intramural strife between the gangs, as new apportionments of dealing turf were informally renegotiated. But somehow that hasn't impaired the shit trade either.

One problem cited by federal authorities is that adult heroin dealers seem to have the “role model” game nailed down better than federal authorities. Dealer Jones would “stand before these kids in a playground and preach to them that he would get them high on money, jewelry and clothes,” recalls U.S. attorney Robert Morgan. The government's alternative message to youth, the last four years, has been, “Get high on yourself.”

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KENTUCKY COKE

(continued from page 22)

tions of Cocaine and Gambling Cast Suspicion on Kentucky Blue Bloods," *Highway News*, Nov. '83.)

But it's definitely John P. Lambert, not John Y. Brown, who will go on trial presently for all these assorted criminal charges, though he won't be alone. Besides Philip Block, the erstwhile manager of that Cincinnati nightclub, Lambert's listed coconspirators include Arnold Kirkpatrick, proprietor of the prestigious Spendthrift Farm thoroughbred stud stable, whose own house was raided for dope and guns on the same day as Lambert's last summer. But socialite Kirkpatrick is an *unindicted* coconspirator in the

*Socialite
Kirkpatrick is an
unindicted coconspirator,
which suggests
that he'll
be testifying.*

case, suggesting that he'll be delivering testimony that may somewhat complicate Lambert's anticipated exoneration.

Then there's Anita Madden, an illustrious horsing belle with a passionate commitment to Lambert and Brown. Last spring, before the raids on Lambert's house, when Lexington television station WKYT ran a series of "investigative" news shorts about this business, Madden emotionally picketed the station, and the nosy reporter involved, Sally Denton, received anonymous threats on her life. This intimidation campaign succeeded in getting the station to pledge never to do "investigative" pieces ever again.

Well, long after the raids, in mid November, 110 pages of secret federal grand-jury testimony from the investigation wound up in Lambert's possession, U.S. attorney DeFalaise charges. He insists the testimony was filched out of federal district court by stenographer Marlene Halsey, who fed the papers to one Philip Ray Jeter, a used-furniture salesman, who fed them to Lambert; and that horsewoman Anita Madden faithfully transcribed the said illegally obtained documents and xeroxed them abundantly.

So stenographer Halsey, salesman Jeter and celebrity Madden are on the line now with Lambert in his obstruction-of-justice troubles. Says Madden: "My unshakable belief that justice prevails in the United States has been severely shaken by the grossly unfair indictment by the federal grand jury"



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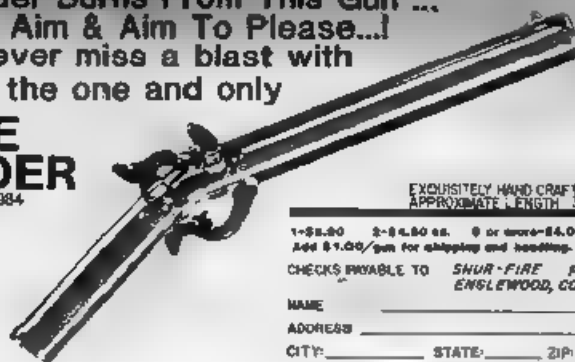
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SEASONAL WRAP-UP

by Bud Bogart

Die-hard marijuana addicts will be pleased to note that this year's sinsemilla harvest included some of the fiercest cannabises to date, at prices to match. The hot new rookie hybrid, "ruderalis" sinse (see last month's ish), jumped another hundred dollars to level off at \$420 an ounce. Of course, that price included flash: It comes in a French vacuum bottle sealed with wax, and a training session in history and use. But even the \$420 figure, which works out to \$15 a gram, wasn't the highest. As usual, that honor went to a Hawaiian, a Kona green that shook the rafters at a flat \$20 a gram. Ounces sold for, you guessed it, up to \$560. It was quite an overcharge actually, since the ruderalis was by far the stronger pot, and since other Hawaiian of an equal quality was available at prices as low as \$2,200 a pound. What's more, the expensive was pressed, and the cheap loose and fluffy. Nonetheless, the bloated Hawaiian did a better-than-brisk business in the ritzy New York pot boutiques.

Other high-priced spreads included a number of oddball novelty items: New York loft-bred 'Ghani, which never once saw the light of the sun, but was still one of the strongest smokes around, proving once again that artificial light can produce pot as potent as it looks; red-rim "Mad Jag" reefer grown on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon by a collective, and neatly packaged and labeled with a Jaguar logo; tony Hawaiian "baby buds," the product of a theory, by a handful of Hawaiian growers, that pot has a point of diminishing returns in its growing cycle, and should therefore be harvested at a much earlier time than most people believe; the Kush and purple strains so dear to the ancestral denizens of Humboldt, Del Norte and Trinity counties in California where it all began a decade ago; and the bristling, conical superbuds from the freezing Northeast, Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, where, for years now, growers have defied all odds and consistently produced smokes that match or surpass the best Sunbelt buds.

Prices on these supersinses usually begin at around \$2,200 a pound, \$225 an ounce. But the tariff varies tremendously: In New York the Hawaiian baby buds were selling at \$225 an ounce in one boutique, and \$350 in another—the identical weed from the identical supplier.

Not a great many dealers are interested in handling these supercharged smokes. For

one thing, it takes a considerable amount of experience and expertise to judge a supersinse in the heat of the marketplace. It's easy later, in retrospect, sitting with friends or customers, for a dealer to place a pot in its rightful position on the reefer charts. But sitting alone, nose to nose with a seller who wants almost three grand for a bagful of green vegetables, it's not always so easy. If a dealer is stoned when he samples a product, he can easily be overwhelmed by a regular sinse and be fooled into spending an extra grand for it.

But even if a street-level dealer gets a good deal, say a pound of deluxe Hawaiian for \$2,600, there's no guarantee that his customers will be willing or able to cough up the \$250 an ounce that the standard 33 percent street markup would occasion.

On the other hand, informal market surveys seem to indicate there's a growing consumer appreciation for supersinse strains. As one customer at a potshop recently put it, "You can't smoke more than four or five joints of this Hawaiian in a day, even if you try. You just pass out." There is a certain appeal in a pot with a built-in smoke alarm.

Further, the supersinses are ideal for blending, particularly with Colombian. So resinous are some of these high-grades that they literally won't burn in a joint, but rather just smolder, breaking off in coal-like chunks. A Colombian sidlock in the same joint assures continual burning, cuts down on the horrific cough spasms spawned by tokes of unadulterated superstuff, and takes the puffer into the high on a more even keel.

I'll never forget What'sername... Although Thai is not now in season, there is usually a steady, if slow, spring trickle of this most basic of pots. Thai has been in such short order this last winter and spring, however, that some major buyers are concerned the Reagan D-men have finally managed to out-bribe the smugglers in notoriously corrupt Thailand. The Thai government is much like those of Mexico and Colombia in its unswerving commitment to graft and extortion, selling out to the highest bidder in the best capitalist and equitable spirit.

Reports have it that the usually active Thai pipelines have been dry for months. The Thai navy ships that used to escort smugglers onto the high seas have returned to their official gigs, taxing powerful military and political cheques to their retreats.

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TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

CANADA

Commercial	art-art	oz	90-100
Colombian	likewise	lb	750-850
Gold and red		oz	125
Colombian		lb	1100-1200
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	325-350
Mexican tops	passable, usually available	lb	2800-3600
Homemade "cake" hash	unpotent	gm	500-700
Afghan hash	flatblack	oz	260
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	gm	15
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	lb	3250
LSD	blots from California	gm	25
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	oz	375
Cocaine	steadily rising quality	oz	200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	pawn in army	oz	15-20
gold, reds	rebel rumble	lb	75-110
Commercial	distribution	oz	5-10
domestic	difficult	lb	50-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	8-25
Hash oil	a lost cause	lb	100-225
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	150-200
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	lb	1500-2000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	kilo	250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	50-100
Lebanese hash	transport problems solved	oz	60-120
Black Afghani hash	top banana	kilo	1200-2200
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150

ECUADOR

Commercial	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Colombian		lb	60-100
Red and gold	surprisingly not that much	oz	15-25
Colombian	passable	lb	200
Sierra buds		oz	6-10
Emeralds	the worst	oz	70-100
swamp grass		lb	2-4
Cocaine base	lots	gm	40-60
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	gm	negotiable
LSD	traded for blow	one	25-40

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color sweetness varies	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	needles in a haystack	oz	35
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	lb	200
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	10
Acapulco gold	on the stalk	lb	90
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	25
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	lb	250
Methaqualone	much pharmaceutical, okay	gm	175

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paki black	champion	oz	175
Pot, African	okay not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low quality marsh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots	gm	6
Cocaine	called De Lorean White	gm	160

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm	15-20
Afghani hash	greenish black, funny	oz	225-250
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm	10-15
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing but \$	oz	10-15
Thai sticks	great	gm	175-200
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	10
Ups & downs	legal kind of homemade	gm	175-200
Moonshine		oz	250-300

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Columbus, Ohio	brown Colombian, dry, sticky and seedy	oz	60
Denver	"Purple Death" indica/sativa	oz	225
Lincoln, Neb.	"star" blotter acid moderate dose, plenty giggles	ea	5
Marin County, Calif.	magic 'shrooms, top o' the line	lb	1000
Minneapolis	top-notch toot, cheaper by the ki	lb	10,000
New York City	diamond-hard Leb hash, almost an antique	oz	120
Philadelphia	big seeded green colas from Belize	lb	1500
Seymour, Conn.	last of the Lemmon ludes	ea	20
Tucson	Thai weed, clothed tan buds	oz	160
Washington, D.C.	very high quality Mexican sinse	lb	2500
	disco toot, cheaper than ever	gm	500

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	off-season prices prevail	oz	180-300
Commercial Mexican	tidal wave	lb	1800-3000
Top-grade Mexican	plentiful	oz	45-70
Jamaican	negligible supply	lb	500-800
Jamaican sinsemilla	some supersativas, sticky though	oz	100-150
Commercial Colombian	drought returns	lb	900-1500
Primo Colombian	equally unavailable	oz	60-80
Thai sticks	West Coast only	lb	650-850
Loose Thai	new influx	one	120-150
Hawaiian	not their best year	oz	1100-1500
Lebanese hash	here, but in lesser volume	oz	60-90
Black Afghani hash	ebony blocks	lb	600-800
Paki hash	scarce as real ludes	oz	85
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried, lots of pieces	lb	10-25
Peyote	hard to find	oz	175-225
LSD	slow resurgence	one	1600-2000
Cocaine	prices dropping	one	230-300
Methaqualone	mixed phones, watch for baddies	gm	2700-3200
Methamphetamine	on the comeback trail	oz	110-140

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	its the season	oz	50-65
Domestic sinsemilla	meet available	4 oz	550-650
Mexican weed		oz	50
Mainland sinsemilla	immigrant flow	oz	200
Thai sticks	timberland	oz	50-65
Lebanese hash	big mover	lb	500-600
Cocaine	now and then, not bad either	oz	225-300
LSD	blots	lb	2600-2750
Methaqualone	bootlickers	one	20

Hawaii

Puna buds	uncharacteristic scarcity	oz	225-275
Kona gold	western-slope beauties	oz	2200-2750
Waikiki wacky	sparkles with resin	lb	225-275
Mauie wowie	overpriced, overrated	oz	2500-2700
LSD	fresh from the lab	oz	225-275
Mushrooms	hot from the lava beds, dried	one	2400-3000
Cocaine	not a big mover	oz	2-4
Amphetamines	over the counter from S.A.	one	150

HEROIN

CHARGES

Heroin is physically addictive. Tolerance and dependence develop rapidly. It is the most potent of all the substances derived from opium, and heroin users are most at risk of fatal overdoses. Abuse of heroin is mentally, physically and sexually debilitating. Injection, the most common mode of taking heroin, leaves the user vulnerable to such serum-transmitted diseases as hepatitis and AIDS, and causes needle abscesses and blood infections. In that the abuser will need larger and more expensive doses over time, in order to merely feel normal, the abuser often has to resort to a life of crime in order to support a heroin habit.

NATURE AND USE

Heroin, or diacetylmorphine, was first synthesized in 1874 by the English research chemist C.R. Wright, using refined morphine and acetic anhydride. Twenty years later, German researchers found that this substance had some success in the treatment of a variety of respiratory ailments, and could also be used as a "nonaddicting" substitute for morphine and codeine. In 1898, Bayer Pharmaceutical Products of Elberfeld, Germany, coined the brand-name "Heroin" and launched the drug on the international market.¹ For several years, heroin enjoyed a vogue as a cough medicine and general analgesic. Based on David Musto's research, John Morgan, M.D., has pointed out in his lectures on addiction stereotypes that at the turn of the century the American heroin "addict" was a white, middle-aged, middle-class housewife with two or more children.^{2,3}

Soon, however, heroin became an increasingly notorious street drug among poor and minority populations. Within a few years its medical use became restricted, and today in the United States it is totally illegal. Although the drug is still recognized in Great Britain as a potent medical analgesic, and much stronger, specific painkillers are used in American

AKA: Big N, boy, brown sugar, cobble, diacetylmorphine, chiva, crap, doo-joo, estuffa, scag, smock, stofu, stuff, etc.

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

hospitals, heroin has such a sinister reputation in this country that the few attempts made to legalize its use, even for research or highly specific treatment indications, are met with extreme political, law-enforcement and popular negative reactions.

National concern about heroin addiction heightened in the late 1960s when a nationwide "epidemic" of heroin use spread through the white, basically middle-class counterculture. The incidence of heroin experimentation is considered to have fallen off in recent years, though lately, clinical experience indicates that this may not be true. Heroin addiction is still a major problem. At the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, one of our chief drug-treatment concerns is still heroin addiction. Within the last few years the abuse of heroin has spread to a whole new population, well-to-do overachievers who are smoking high purity "Persian" heroin from the Near East, often in a pattern with the smoking of free-base cocaine.⁴ Developments allied to heroin abuse include the use of fentanyl analogues such as the extremely potent alpha-methyl fentanyl, often billed as "China White";⁵ and the recent outbreak in California of drug-induced Parkinson's disease, caused by the impurity MPTP in the meperidine analogue MPPP.⁶

Pure heroin is a white powder with a bitter taste. Street samples may vary in color from white to dark brown, because of manufacturing impurities or additives. Most street heroin contains only 2 to 4 percent actual heroin. The rest of the powder may be composed of such fillers as sugars, starch, powdered milk or quinine. An exception to this is the Persian heroin

mentioned earlier, which may run as high as 92 percent pure.⁷

Heroin can be smoked, snorted, or injected under the skin, into a muscle or directly into a vein. The initial reaction is usually negative and includes nausea, sweating and a general feeling of discomfort. After a few doses, users report experiencing a rush of good feeling that lasts a few minutes, followed by drowsiness. The rush appears to be most intense when heroin is injected intravenously.⁸

Dr. Darryl Inaba, director of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic Drug Treatment Project, reports that there are several new and potent forms of heroin on the street. "Malaysian Pink" has recently been analyzed at about 50 percent heroin. This substance is dyed a bright pink as a street trademark. (Given the way such things work, we can probably expect some pink drugs of deception, trading on its reputation.) Malaysian has recently been joined by "Mexican Tar" heroin, which looks like opium but runs about 37 percent heroin, and "Amsterdam Marble," which looks like gray and white marble and runs about 63 percent heroin.⁹ These extremely potent preparations carry a great risk of unintentional fatal overdose.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

As potent opiates, heroin preparations pose a high risk for tolerance, dependence and addiction. A highly uncomfortable, though not life-threatening, physical withdrawal symptomatology occurs whenever the user doesn't reapply the drug at regular intervals, or attempts to detoxify. Heroin is physically, mentally and sexually debilitat-

ing. Heroin is also very, very expensive. There is a great risk of fatal overdose. The intravenous abuser is vulnerable to a variety of diseases, including still-incurable Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS).

FIRST-AID PLUS

Overdoses can be treated with narcotic antagonists, such as Narcan. There is a wide variety of detoxification and aftercare including: "cold turkey," outpatient counseling and nonnarcotic symptomatic medication, therapeutic communities, acupuncture, aerobic exercise, self-help groups such as Narcotics Anonymous and, in some extreme cases, methadone detoxification or maintenance. Heroin addiction is often a long-term problem involving cyclic relapses. Return to use almost invariably leads back into full addiction. Even the use of pharmaceutical opiates for pain relief may lead to a relapse. The recommended course is one of recovery through the adoption of a lifestyle that does not involve the use of any psychoactive substances, including alcohol.

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ED ROSENTHAL

He's the man who wrote the book on growing pot; a world-traveled cannabis researcher who's brought back cultivation secrets from every part of the globe; and our own Ed of "Ask Ed" fame. In a wide-ranging interview Ed Rosenthal relates his life and high times. by Larry Sloman and George Barkin

The Sultan of Smoke, they call him, the Maharishi of Mota, the Burbank of Boo and a host of other alliterative titles which testify that Ed Rosenthal is the man who made American marijuana the best marijuana in the whole wide world. It was Rosenthal who brought the garden to the serpents, as it were, when in 1977 he coauthored *The Marijuana Growers Guide* with Mel Frank. Before that, "homegrown" and "domestic" had been synonymous with "ditchweed" and "rope dope." But within a couple harvest seasons after the *Growers Guide* appeared, America was greening exuberantly (if surreptitiously) from coast to coast. Hippiebutties deep in the boonies of the Cascades, the Blue Ridge and the Siskiyous were bringing up pedigreed Siamese and Himalayan cultivars that put the traditional foreign imports to the wall. Nobody remembers Acapulco Gold anymore, do they? Well, that's the accomplishment of Ed Rosenthal.

Nowadays, Ed's devoting an increasing amount of time and energy to public service. He's working strenuously to negotiate cohesion among the numerous squabbling free-the-weed political groups on the West Coast, and flies frequently to Washington to testify before Congress about the insanity of current official drug policies, and the economic boom that would proceed from a sensible system of marijuana taxation and regulation.

This man deserves a forum to sprawl around in, not just the few meager pages he gets every month for his "Ask Ed" column. So we sat him down and got

him on tape for this issue

HIGH TIMES: When did you first start smoking pot?

ED ROSENTHAL: I first started in 1966. I had tried it a couple of times in 1965 but I never got high. Then in 1966 I bought a lid and I smoked it with my roommate in college.

I knew as soon as I got high that this was an ally of mine in the same way Carlos Castaneda spoke about little smoke or big smoke being an ally. And that this was really a good friend of mine, and by the second purchase that I made I was a dealer. I started dealing.

HIGH TIMES: What do you mean when you say that the pot was a "friend" of yours?

ROSENTHAL: I have such an affinity for being high, for that state. That almost is my normal state of consciousness, or felt that it should be. So the pot becomes an ally.

I learned to work on it, play on it, and somebody once said that pot wakes me up in the morning and puts me to sleep at night. Basically, I live my life to be high. It happened twenty years ago.

HIGH TIMES: You were never able to obtain that state previously, without smoking pot? That highness?

ROSENTHAL: Well, psychedelics... I think marijuana is a mild psychedelic and I had had a very unhappy childhood and adolescence. I had gone through therapy and things, but

through my teens and early twenties I still suffered periodic states of depression. First, marijuana helped me to get out of myself and see what was going on, helped me to put everything in perspective in a way many, many, many hours and many, many, many thousands of dollars of therapy hadn't done. In 1967 I came back to New York where I went to a be-in in Central Park and Abbie Hoffman was onstage—he jumped down from the stage and started handing out acid and said to me, really impersonally, as he had been for thousands of others, "Wanna trip?" and I said, "Yes," and he put a tab on my tongue and I swallowed it and went through a most powerful experience. I went through a really horrible experience. All the shit and all the negativity that had accumulated all my life started coming out. I didn't say, "This is a bad trip, this is terrible, this is terrible." I realized what was going on. It wasn't the acid or anything—it was what was in my own head that was coming out. Shortly after that I never suffered from depression again. I really learned to control my state of consciousness.

HIGH TIMES: A lot of people smoke pot, but what led you to make it become your life's work, your business?

ROSENTHAL: I think everyone should live their fantasies. Most people don't like what they do for a living and I've always tried to vocationalize my advocations.

HIGH TIMES: You've traveled all

across the world searching out the various ways of cultivation. Where have you seen marijuana growing?

ROSENTHAL: Throughout the United States. That's actually where I've seen the most. Maybe not in quantity but at least in operation. Then, I was to India, to Morocco, Amsterdam, Spain, Colombia. I was in Colombia for a day. I did a consulting job down there.

HIGH TIMES: What do you mean, "consulting job"?

ROSENTHAL: These people had a field that was suffering from some problems and they consulted me to try to find out what the problems were and to try and correct them.

HIGH TIMES: Were you successful?

ROSENTHAL: I don't know—I never got to see the field a second time.

HIGH TIMES: In which area did you find the best pot?

ROSENTHAL: The best pot is in the United States. There is no doubt about it. American growers really understand marijuana, the plant, more than any other cultivators. Of course, it's the difference between the first-world and third-world countries because most of the other growing places are third-world countries, and in Europe they're really ten years behind us in cultivation in general.

HIGH TIMES: Also, the cultivators here tend to be in more cases users, than, for example, in South America. There they're just growing it for an export group.

ROSENTHAL: Mostly. And in India, I've got a feeling that perhaps the farmers used it but the processors didn't. The retailers do.

HIGH TIMES: When you're in Morocco or Colombia, how are you perceived by growers of other nationalities? Are you perceived as an American El Exigente or are you perceived as a cannabis researcher?

ROSENTHAL: I'm taken very seriously and I'm very well respected.

HIGH TIMES: Do you get hassled a lot by authorities?

ROSENTHAL: When I went to India I wanted to see the Legal Fields. We were on the train and we looked out the window and there are these pot fields, and I went to the people who were there and asked what town this was. They said Khandwa. So we went to the Department of Agriculture. I walked in and said, "You have marijuana fields growing in Khandwa and I would like to go see them. What procedure do I follow?" They said there is



no ganja growing in Khandwa, there's no ganja growing in Madhy Pradesh. I said, "Oh, no, I saw it and I know that it's growing there." So they called the Department of Agriculture in Khandwa and they said, "Oh, yes, yes." They said that it wasn't under their jurisdiction, that it was under the jurisdiction of the Excise Tax Department. But anyway, they wrote a letter to the Department of Agriculture.

Then I arrived in Khandwa. Meanwhile, I had copies of my book and I'm showing them, and as soon as I pulled out the book, you know, this is serious, an American scientist is here. That's the kind of reaction I got. So the next day a convoy of four vehicles drove up. And they pulled us into the jeeps, and we went first to the processing plant and then to visit the fields and then we came back from the fields. I asked if we could pick. They said, "Sure, go ahead, pick anything you want." So here was this field with all kinds of plants, mixed seeds, and they said to just take anything. So we got down enough for our needs the next couple of weeks. Well, we didn't cut down the plants, we just took the nicest buds. They were beautiful buds.

And the next day when we were in our hotel room, we hear this knock on the door. The door just opens—it was like a raid, only it was the excise guy and he had come to bring us dope. He had a handful of dope that he gave to us—which was the first and last time a government agent ever brought me dope.

HIGH TIMES: Do the cultivation methods in Morocco differ from those

in West Virginia, stuff like that?

ROSENTHAL: Yeah, they do. Most people in America, because of the political and the unprotected situation therein, tend to grow very big plants. Several big plants or, in other words, they put a lot of work into the individual plant. In other parts of the world for the most part sinsemilla is not grown. People grow the way they would grow corn or any other field crop. In India maybe they grow them three feet apart, the rows are three feet apart, and spaced out about a foot apart in each row. In Morocco they grow maybe fifteen to twenty to thirty plants per square foot. There it just comes up as a stalk. There have been pictures of it in *HIGH TIMES*.

HIGH TIMES: What are your feelings about hash?

ROSENTHAL: Well, hash usually comes from the thirtieth parallel. As *HIGH TIMES* readers know, the thirtieth parallel has a heterogeneous grouping of plants so that it will survive under a variety of environments, so hash can be very varied. Some people swear by hash, and to them that's it, but me, I much prefer a sativa, cannabis.

HIGH TIMES: Why is that? Because of the variable quality of it?

ROSENTHAL: I think that different varieties of grass give you different highs. "R" talked about that a lot. Those different varieties, those different heads, different people prefer different heads. Although "R" exaggerates it, he is correct that a sativa head is like this soaring high, a very psychedelic type of head, and that the Afghani tend to be more down.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think that's a cultural predisposition? Do you think that most Americans like the get-up-and-go of sativa?

ROSENTHAL: No. I think that most Americans like to be drunk. I think that there are a few individuals who really do like that sort of head, but I think that most Americans like Afghani.

HIGH TIMES: Why isn't hash more popular?

ROSENTHAL: It's too hard to light and you can't put it in a cigarette. If you put it in a joint you burn your clothes.

HIGH TIMES: Let's backtrack. Let's go back to when you were in college. You said that the second time you smoked pot you immediately started dealing.

ROSENTHAL: Yeah, the first time I bought a lid, the second time I bought a half-pound.

HIGH TIMES: Was that because you

were an entrepreneur? Did you say, "Wow, this is a great way to make money and have fun"?

ROSENTHAL: I think I felt more like a missionary.

HIGH TIMES: This is around 1966?

ROSENTHAL: By 1967 I dropped out of school.

HIGH TIMES: So everything they say about marijuana is true.

ROSENTHAL: The reason I dropped out of school was because I had gotten my 1-A for the draft, which meant I was prime meat.

Then I went to work at a series of straight jobs, like on Wall Street. I had always wanted to work on Wall Street.

HIGH TIMES: Really, why?

ROSENTHAL: It was fascinating. Here were for sale these things which had no tangible value, except what people wanted to pay for them. They weren't really worth anything. They were only worth what people thought they were worth. So that became a really good, interesting time. I became an assistant compliance officer who takes care of in house enforcement of the FCC Rules and Regulations. So I was doing that for a while. Then I got fired.

HIGH TIMES: You were an internal cop for Wall Street.

ROSENTHAL: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: And you were smoking pot at the same time?

ROSENTHAL: Yes. You've heard of the Stock Exchange, and then there's the over-the-counter market, well, I was running the under-the-counter market. Once my supervisor came in I mean, I had this brown bag with me and he said, "What's that?" I said, "My lunch." Then he opens it up and sees a plastic bag with pot in it and says, "Don't bring lunch to work."

HIGH TIMES: So you left Wall Street by when?

ROSENTHAL: 1969. I started making candles.

Then somewhere around that time I moved back to the Bronx to a six-room apartment and I started growing dope in one of the rooms. That led via a natural evolution to my sitting here today.

HIGH TIMES: What compelled you to do that?

ROSENTHAL: When I was a kid I had always wanted to be a plant scientist and a writer. I was really into plants. I used to take classes at the Botanical Gardens and so it was just natural for me to grow these plants if I had the room. So I started growing them and I knew very little about it and there

"The best pot is in the United States. American growers really understand marijuana..."

were no books on it. Actually, there were a couple, but one of the books, I don't know if I still have it. It was written by this guy who had given his whole life story. He had been in the army, then he smoked pot, he saw the errors of his ways and got a discharge and was growing pot in his apartment on the Lower East Side and he had filled this whole room with soil and was growing... All you had to do was put a foot of soil in your room, but I decided to grow it in pots instead.

I had these fluorescent lights and I didn't know about buds, so I was smoking leaf primarily. And this stuff is getting me so high and everybody else who lived in the apartment house was getting high. Everybody was living off my harvesting a few of these leaves every day. I mean, we were really getting wiped out.

HIGH TIMES: But you were supporting yourself with your candles?

ROSENTHAL: Yes. Then I thought growing was so great, so I cleaned up my room, got rid of the pot and decided to sell greenhouses to grow pot. So that's what I did. I started selling indoor greenhouses for growing marijuana. I would come and install it in your home, everything but the seed.

That was how I met Mel Frank, we were both interviewed by *Rolling Stone* magazine, and we decided to write a book in six weeks about it, and a year later we came up with the book, and that was the *Indoor-Outdoor Marijuana Growers Catalog*, and from then on after the book was published we started taking it more seriously.

HIGH TIMES: What year is this now?

ROSENTHAL: 1972-'73 we started getting into it. We went down to the University of Mississippi and met Carlton Turner who is now the drug-policy adviser for the federal government. But at that time he was running the Mississippi Project—the dope-farm contract to the government. Turner turned us on to the Mississippi bibliographies of all of the different scientific papers on pot which had been published in the years 1968 to 1972, '74. We bought that. We were able to decide what scientific papers we wanted to read and put together a synthesis of their information and our information and develop some theories about it. From that came the *Growers Guide*.

HIGH TIMES: What kind of guy is Turner?

ROSENTHAL: New South. He is an example of the soft machine and I think he's way over his head.

HIGH TIMES: What do you mean by "soft machine"?

ROSENTHAL: Well, it's a fascist mentality clothed in gentle words and seeming reasonableness. I think perhaps the Bill of Rights doesn't mean as much to people in the South.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think they're like Anslingerian-type wolves in sheep's clothing? Do you think there is a continuity?

ROSENTHAL: Yes, I think that even though individual members in this group may not be bigoted, I think there are certain key words and code words which are really words that bigots recognize. Just the same way that every Republican presidential candidate always makes some nasty antiblack slip—it's just to let the bigots know they're with 'em—it's no slip at all. They have these code words and people understand them, and I think that their real feeling is that there are certain people that are undesirable. Like pieces of shit that won't flush down the toilet. These people that we need laws to control, and whatever laws we need to control these people and this mentality we'll use. That's how the drug laws came to be and that's how they still exist. Most *HIGH TIMES* readers are classed in that category. Even if they stopped smoking pot the government wouldn't like them because of the way they think. They are independents, they are unwilling to be wards of the state.

HIGH TIMES: What happened to the psychedelic revolution?

ROSENTHAL: It's still going on, it's just not going on in the big cities because the rents are too high. More acid, more mushrooms are sold every year than ever before.

HIGH TIMES: Do you see marijuana as effecting change in people's attitudes or has it just become a totally hedonistic thing?

ROSENTHAL: I think that people are still changing through pot and we don't even realize that as we look back at changes over the last thirty years, our society has changed tremendously. Twenty years ago an unmarried woman and an unmarried man, even if they were just roommates, people would talk.

HIGH TIMES: What is the most overrated pot you ever smoked?

ROSENTHAL: I think a lot of the early Mexicans were overrated.

HIGH TIMES: You mean stuff like Acapulco Gold.

ROSENTHAL: A lot of them are overrated. Then there's the "mystery pot"—I never actually had Panama Red.

After all these years we've heard about it, how many people have actually smoked Panama Red? It's a fable to me. I'd like to see it.

HIGH TIMES: What pot gave you the best for your potsmoking dollar?

ROSENTHAL: Wacky Weed. The fabled New York Wacky Weed. Boy, that stuff sure was psychedelic. I wish I had some seed.

HIGH TIMES: Do you ever smoke any commercial?

ROSENTHAL: I don't like the Colombians coming in now so I don't smoke them. But I smoke some of the new Mexican and Mexican sines and they are very reasonably priced. Colombian has a real problem. The quality of the pot is going down. They don't really seem to care.

HIGH TIMES: Do you talk to your marijuana plants?

ROSENTHAL: It's illegal to cultivate plants in California but I will say this, they're more fun to grow than tomatoes.

HIGH TIMES: Is there any degree of spiritual communion between you and your plants?

ROSENTHAL: Sometimes I think that maybe I'm an agent of the marijuana plant come here to help run the world. I have thought that.

HIGH TIMES: There he goes. When you talk to your plants do you feel any communion? Do you think plants have a consciousness?

ROSENTHAL: No. I don't think that

"Under the Reagan administration the percentage of drug arrests for marijuana has skyrocketed."

plants have the kind of learning ability or the genetic ability to express themselves the way we do. I don't think talking to a plant or playing it music is gonna help.

HIGH TIMES: You don't.

ROSENTHAL: I do think proper nutritional health is important.

HIGH TIMES: And you don't think along the lines of some of the Rastafarians or some of the more mystical thinkers—that God puts plants here for the spiritual enlightenment of man?

ROSENTHAL: Well, let me tell you a few things about cannabis. To many groups of people cannabis was the plant that helped them make the transition from a herding, nomadic society to an agricultural society, and that's still going on today. The pygmies grow only one plant, cannabis, and with that plant they made the transition from a nomadic society to an agricultural society, so this tends to be replayed many, many times.

HIGH TIMES: In what way? I don't understand.

ROSENTHAL: Well, in a nomadic society you just travel all over. Well, if you start planting something, then you have to start caring for it, right?

HIGH TIMES: So why do they plant? What's the motivation?

ROSENTHAL: They sell it. They smoke it and they sell it to the other tribes.

HIGH TIMES: You're out of your mind. Have you ever bought pot from a pygmy?

ROSENTHAL: No, I've never been there.

HIGH TIMES: Let's talk about marijuana activism. The political side of Ed.

ROSENTHAL: Well, I'll tell you how it started. I was vacationing in Florida in 1971 and I met these college kids who were making bongs, and they made a bong for me as a going-away gift. We had all tripped the night before on this acid and it was really incredible—very beautiful, so they gave me this bong and we smoked one toke each out of it and started hitchhiking back to New York City and got busted in Bowling Green, Virginia, for hitchhiking. And then they open my suitcase and find this bong and they busted me for residue and a pipe. It cost me \$500 and two trips back to Virginia. I'm sure that if it weren't for that I wouldn't have had any interaction with the law.

HIGH TIMES: That was a real radicalizing experience.

ROSENTHAL: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: Were you brutalized by the police?

ROSENTHAL: No, but at the end the cop wanted to shake my hand, after the trial. You know, "No hard feelings, son," and I said, "You're a pig."

Right in that time frame NORML had its first conference, which was the first people's pot conference, and this was the only real... legitimate activist conference. It was great. It was held in the basement of a church and people were camping out. I had been asked to come down and give a speech on cultivation.

HIGH TIMES: By who?

ROSENTHAL: Keith Stroup.

HIGH TIMES: This was before your book came out.

ROSENTHAL: It was before the book, but while I was making indoor greenhouses.

HIGH TIMES: That's how Stroup had heard of you?

ROSENTHAL: Yes, I had been in *Rolling Stone*, so I went down there and then I met Mike Aldrich at the conference and he said, "Come out to California, we're having a '72 initiative." So I decided to go to California. At this conference I made a speech on marijuana cultivation and it was very, very well accepted and I knew from that that people were into it. By this time we were still working on the book. I went out to California to work on the initiative.

HIGH TIMES: Through the years you have been known as a gadfly in the marijuana movement. You've had great disagreements with NORML and the marijuana establishment. Can you briefly highlight some of your

disagreements?

ROSENTHAL: First of all I wouldn't call NORML the marijuana establishment, I think they're not really in the center at all

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of Stroup?

ROSENTHAL: I think that he started an organization, and in order to keep control of it, because it was getting successful he decided to sacrifice the organization for himself, and in other words, they needed professional people in there but they had never gotten professional organizers to do anything. They have amateurs and then they train them and then they go on. Same as the Yippies do, and they never really tried to make it into a mass-movement organization.

HIGH TIMES: I don't think they ever wanted it to be a mass-movement organization.

ROSENTHAL: The problem is that they never had a clear definition and they still don't know what they want. That's NORML's main problem. They want to be all things to all people. They can't be.

HIGH TIMES: Doesn't NORML serve now as a way to educate drug lawyers?

ROSENTHAL: Well, it does do that, that's one very important role, and also it does a lot of trial work against these laws, especially paraquat. But in terms of actually doing activist legislative work, it's not doing anything.

HIGH TIMES: But was that their intent?

ROSENTHAL: I think the original intent was to be in Washington to lobby at Congress. What they got was that nobody is going to listen to lobbyists unless they have one of two things—money or votes. And you don't have votes unless you have membership. And that's one instance where the NRA, the National Rifle Association, is so effective. They have millions of members.

HIGH TIMES: Yes, but hasn't there in fact been just a kind of a co-optation of millions of smokers in all of this de facto legalization where the government then is able to use the marijuana laws more selectively? Most people don't get busted. Most people can smoke marijuana and not feel that threatened now. People are busted for other reasons.

ROSENTHAL: Well, that's true. It is true that most people who smoke marijuana really aren't threatened



Except that the government is trying to change that—make no mistake about it. Under the Reagan administration we've had a real change in attitude. The percentage of drug arrests for marijuana have skyrocketed. And also they are trying, you know... like they are saying that they are trying to get urine testing in the work place, so that if you smoked marijuana last night, you are going to show a positive the next day. So I think that pot-smokers today are under greater and greater pressure.

HIGH TIMES: How about the future of marijuana referendums?

ROSENTHAL: Well, in California we couldn't even pass a return-bottle bill, so I think it would be very difficult.

HIGH TIMES: What do you see in terms of the issue of legalization?

ROSENTHAL: One possibility—I think that NORML, and the marijuana movement in general, has to align itself and make itself known as a human-rights movement, part of that broad coalition of environmentalists, gays, minority groups and so on. And when that, when the issue gets recognized that way, then it's going to rise and fall with the other issues. That's one scenario that I see.

Another scenario I see is a basic break in world politics, which will affect the United States. Spain has legalized possession, and I think that Italy is pretty far along. I think that some of the African countries are gonna break it, and I think that India is going to unilaterally break it. Or there is a good possibility of those countries breaking it. And I think that

the world... there is going to be a new polarization based on that.

HIGH TIMES: Breaking with the Single Convention Treaty?

ROSENTHAL: And the United States and Britain, for instance, might go far out on a limb and get real right wing about it, especially under Reagan, and I think that what ultimately the government has in mind is rehabilitation, and for chronic users, maybe something worse.

HIGH TIMES: You are an advocate of marijuana and it's an ally of yours. Do you see any dangers to marijuana use?

ROSENTHAL: Yeah. You know, I don't think that marijuana is totally harmless. It changes the liver and metabolism slightly. And potsmoke does do damage to your lungs.

HIGH TIMES: How about the whole notion of a motivational syndrome?

ROSENTHAL: Well, I don't have it. I smoke a lot and I don't have it.

HIGH TIMES: How much do you smoke?

ROSENTHAL: Depends. You know, the better the dope is, the more you smoke.

HIGH TIMES: On the average?

ROSENTHAL: Between a quarter- and a half-ounce.

HIGH TIMES: A day?

ROSENTHAL: No, a week.

HIGH TIMES: Every day. But every day? Do you smoke every day?

ROSENTHAL: Yes. Only when I'm living.

HIGH TIMES: Ed, you have a new son. When your son grows up, when he's maybe about twelve or thirteen years old and he starts asking about pot—what will you tell him about it?

ROSENTHAL: Well, he'll probably ask a lot before twelve or thirteen.

HIGH TIMES: All right, let's assume he can start speaking. And his first words are "pot, pot."

ROSENTHAL: I think the problem with pot and kids these days is that it's such an illicit thing that it makes it more attractive to them, and they tend to overdo it a little because of that. But I think I would rather see kids using pot than alcohol.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have any friends that you think are better off without pot? Do you ever say to yourself, "Hey, I've been smoking too much lately"?

ROSENTHAL: Yes. And I cut down sometimes. I have also gone without pot for extended periods.

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NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SMOKE

Has the Connoisseur got religion? Well, no. Not if by religion you mean pulpit stumpin' and Bible thumpin'. But if you're talking about feeling rolled round in the earth's diurnal course, with rocks and stones and trees, then yeah, why not.

BY "R"

What was the single best high you've ever experienced? People are always asking the Connoisseur that question, assuming, rightly, that he of all persons has experienced more varieties of herbal highs than anyone who has ever lived to tell about it. Still, it's always been a question I've resisted answering because the answer, the experience, the most exalted high I've ever experienced is, well, a little embarrassing—because it involves prayer. Oh, it did involve a little grass. And a lot of long-distance running, but

the key element was the rediscovery and the redefinition of prayer.

Let me set the scene: the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, that huge thumb of land sticking up into Lake Superior. Winter. Thousands of square miles of rolling timber, empty of people. A few scattered settlements, mainly descendants of Finnish settlers used to arctic blankness. Some broken-down Chippewa Indian reservations. But mainly a vast, blank, roaring silence.

Hemingway wrote about the Upper Peninsula, or U.P. as they call it up here. But he

wrote mainly about the "civilized" areas in the lower U.P. down by Petoskey, where you can find a few outsiders who come up to hunt and fish in the summer. But up here on the tip of the thumb you just don't get tourists. Not in the winter when Lake Superior freezes over and the arctic storms skid down over the ice and the woods roar with frozen silence.

It's some of the loneliest, emptiest, most untouched, unwanted wilderness left in the United States. Just a few settlements along the tracks of the old Soo Line railroad that still hauls iron ore from the Lake Superior ports. Just a few barely perceptible roads and an occasional cluster of mailboxes indicating houses sheltered back in the woods. It was along one of these roads in the dead of winter a few years ago that I had that transcendent high—probably the greatest I'd ever experienced. The one that taught me about prayer.

What was I doing up there, far from the cozy smokeeasies of the Big Kilo, my preferred haunts for hibernation during the winter months?

Well, I had a girlfriend whose parents had been living up there. Built their own place in the woods. No shack either—a big place, a major cabin, well-equipped with snowshoes, snowmobiles. We'd decided to spend the holidays up there and some January-time besides. There wasn't that much to do if you didn't like snowmobiles and snowshoes—and I didn't. So in those long white weeks I'd gotten heavily into running in the snow. In heavy boots, along the track of what had once been a country road. Across the Soo Line tracks and deep into the woods. Five to 10 miles at a time. It was totally exhausting but totally exhilarating. It seemed as if I could keep on going forever. And each day I'd go deeper and deeper into the woods and I'd have to force myself to turn around and head back. Because if I had kept going I'd freeze out there at night, and the only way they'd find my body when it thawed in the spring would be if the wolves didn't get to it first.

Well, one day I went too far. Maybe it was the "U.P. Green." There was something strange about it. Just some home-grown weed from the soil of the Upper Peninsula. Now, you have to understand that there's something special about the soil of that region. Bob Dylan once tried to explain its mystical properties to me. It's shot through with iron ore, said Dylan, who came from the iron-mine towns across Superior in Minnesota. "The land is magnetic," Dylan said. "It has a Spell. When you're

there you feel it tugging at you."

So there's that. That had to have something to do with what happened. And the people who grew it: Chippewa, sometimes called, up there, Ojibwa. The tribe known among all native American people for the genius of their medicine men. The ancestor of the Chippewa was supposed to have been entrusted by the Great Spirit with the healing secrets of all the herbs, the magic of natural medicines.

Well, this U.P. Green was said to have been grown by full-blooded Chippewa on sacred reservation ground in which were interred the bodies of a century of legendary medicine men of the tribe. It didn't look like much. Just some bright green leafy stuff, kind of dried out by the time it found its way to us. But up around Lake Superior you don't get choosy about the cosmetics of canna-



bis. You take what you can get or you go dry all winter.

So we took it. And late one afternoon—it was 4 P.M. and the arctic dusk was already rolling down off Superior—I decided to try it out before going off for my run into the woods.

I think I'd gone 10 miles before I realized how high I was. Because suddenly everything was unfamiliar. It was not only the actual landscape that was new—I'd never run that far, that deep into the woods—but the whole spirit of the place had changed. Or rather, emerged. The vast rolling woods sighing with the wind among the pines and the snowdrifts—it all became one living, breathing entity. I was lost, but I felt like I'd been found.

I stopped running. I just stood there. Felt the whole vast roaring silence of

the woods, the icy blankness of Superior rolling in through the trees, rolling through me. I felt the pervasive magnetic tug of the soil, the spirits of the medicinal plants whispering to each other in healing harmonies. Bob Marley called it "the natural mystic." For the first time I understood what he was talking about. And then something happened. A thrilling, exhilarating kind of high-experience I'd never had before. I felt the power of prayer.

Now before you slam down this magazine in disgust, and conclude that "R" has become some kind of Moral Majority brainwashing victim, let me explain how totally different this was from any conventional conception of the meaning of prayer.

I'd always thought of prayer as a selfish, fearful kind of thing. I'd always thought of prayer as prayer for yourself, praying out of superstitious fear that if you don't abase yourself before the frightful Almighty, he's gonna get ya. It seemed like a childish survival from primitive days of propitiatory sacrifice. Only here you were sacrificing your self-respect to some anthropomorphic bully in the sky.

But no. What was happening that day was something different. I remember a poem by Yeats, "Ambivalence." I think it was called. It was about the way the poet was struggling through a spiritual crisis, trying to intellectually work out his proper relation to the universe of matter and spirit, and getting nowhere. Then, suddenly, sitting in a coffee shop, staring at the wet rings his cup left on the counter, he felt a surge of transcendence and.

"the power
to bless
and be blessed"

That was it. That was what I felt. Of course I'd felt blessed, in a lesser sense, before. I'd felt fortunate, I'd felt ecstatic, I'd felt lucky to be alive. I'd counted my blessings. But the highest blessing, the one I'd never experienced before, was the power to *bless others*. I felt that then. I felt so utterly blessed by the earth, the universe and the spirit that infused it, that I felt the power to radiate blessings to others. I thought of all those I loved, and blessed them. And I knew it *worked*. There was no doubt in my mind that by blessing them, by praying for them, I was instantaneously transferring some of the radiant blessed energy I felt to them.

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VENGEANCE OF THE DAMNED



Here they come. A chorus line of winos. A procession of the damned. A parade of the glorious discards of society. But when the bums marched into that exclusive department store it got a little ugly... by Charles Bukowski

The snoring in the flophouse was very loud, as usual, and Tom couldn't sleep. There must have been 60 cots in there and each was filled. The drunks snored the loudest, and most of them were drunks. Tom sat up and watched the moonlight come in through the windows and fall across the sleeping men. He rolled a smoke, lit it. He looked at the men again. What a bunch of ugly useless fuckers. Fuckers? They didn't fuck. The ladies didn't want them. Nobody wanted them. Not worth a fuck, ha-ha. And he was one of them. He pulled the bottle out from under the pillow and had a last hit. That last drink was always the sad one. He rolled the empty under his cot and viewed the snoring men once again. How about these? They weren't even worth nucking.

Tom looked over at his buddy, Max, on the next cot. Max was just stretched there with his eyes open. Was he dead?

"Hey, Max!"

"Uhhh?"

"You're not sleeping."

"Can't. You notice? A lot of them are snoring in rhythm. What causes that?"

"I don't know, Max. There are a lot of things I don't know."

"Me too, Tom. I guess I'm dumb."

"You gotta guess. If you knew you were dumb, you wouldn't be."

Max sat up on the edge of his cot.

"Tom, do you think we'll ever get off the Row?"

"Just one way—"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah... stuff."

Max rolled a cigarette, lit it.

Max felt bad, he always felt bad when he thought about things. The thing to do was not to think, shut it off.

"Listen, Max," he heard Tom.

"Yeah?"

"I been thinking—"

"Thinking's no good."

"But I keep thinking this thing—"

"You got a drink left?"

"No, sorry. But listen."

"Bullshit, I don't want to listen."

Max stretched out on his cot again.

Talking didn't help. It was a waste

"I'm going to tell you anyhow, Max."

"Okay, hell, go ahead."

"You see all these guys? There are plenty of them, right? Bums wherever you look—"

"Yeah, they clutter my sight."

"So, Max, I keep thinking about how we can use this manpower. It's just being wasted."

"Nobody else wants these bums, what can you do with them?"

Tom felt a little excited. "The fact that nobody wants these guys, that's to our advantage."

"Is that right?"

"Right. You see, they don't want them in the jails because they'd have to house and feed them. These guys have nothing to lose."

"So?"

"I've been thinking a lot nights... Like, if we can get them together like cattle, we could run them over things. Take temporary command of certain situations—"

"You're nuts," Max said.

But he sat up on his cot again. "Tell me more."

Tom laughed. "Well, maybe I'm crazy, but I keep thinking of this wasted manpower. I've laid here awake nights dreaming of things to do with it—"

Now Max laughed. "Like what, for chrissakes?"

Nobody was bothered by their conversation. The snoring continued all about them.

"Well I've kind of been rolling it around in my mind. Yeah, maybe it's nuts. Anyhow—"

"Yeah?" Max asked.

"Don't laugh. Maybe the wine has eaten my brain away."

"I'll try not to laugh."

Tom inhaled on his cigarette, then let it out. "Well, you see, I get this vision of all these bums walking down Broadway, the whole mass of them together, walking along like that."

"Well, so?"

"Well, it's a lot of guys. Kind of like

the vengeance of the damned. A parade of glorious discards. It's almost like some kind of movie. I can almost see the cameras, the lights, the director. The March of the Roaches. The Rising of the Dead. What a comeback! Man, oh man!"

"I think," Max responded, "you ought to go from port back to muscatel."

"You think so?"

"Yeah. Okay. So we got these bums walking along Broadway, say at high noon, then what?"

"Well, we walk them into the biggest and fanciest store in town—"

"You mean Bowarms?"

"Yeah, Max. Bowarms stocks everything: the best wines, the finest clothing, watches, radios, TVs—you name it, they've got it."

Just then an old guy a few cots down sat up, opened his eyes wide and screamed. "God is a 400-pound lesbian nigger!"

Then he fell back on his cot.

"Like," asked Max, "we take him?"

"Sure. He's one of the best. What jail would want him?"

"Okay, we walk into Bowarms. Then what?"

"Visualize. It will be just in and out. There will be too many to handle. Visualize: they just take. Anything their hearts want. Maybe even a grab of a salesgirl's ass. Any part of the dream they no longer have, just a touch of it, something, anything for that moment—"

"Tom, there might be a lot of busted heads, it's not all going to be a picnic in wonderland."

"No, but neither is this subservience, this allowing ourselves to be buried forever without a sound."

"Tom, buddy, I think you've got something. Now, how do we go about setting this thing up?"

"All right, first we set a date and a time. Now, you know eight guys you can line up?"

"I think so."

"I know about eight."

"Suppose somebody tips off the cops?"

"Not likely. Anyhow, what we got to lose?"

"Right."

"Now," said Tom, "I think a good time to do it would be—"

It was high noon.

Tom and Max walked in front of the gang of them. They were walking down Broadway in Los Angeles. But there were more than 16 bums walking behind Tom and Max. There were 76 bums—blinking, staggering, not exactly sure of what was occurring. The ordinary citizens on the streets were slightly astonished. They stopped, they stepped aside and watched. Some were frightened, some laughed. To others it appeared to be a joke, or some movie in the making. The makeup was perfect: the actors looked like bums. But where were the cameras?

Tom and Max led the scene.

"Listen, Max, I only told eight. How many did you tell?"

"Eight."

"I wonder what the hell happened?"

"They must have told others—"

"And, amazingly, none of them tipped the heat."

They walked along. It was like a mad dream that couldn't be stopped. At the corner of 7th, the light changed to red. Tom and Max stopped and the bums bunched up behind them, waiting. The smell of unwashed stockings and underwear, puke and booze wafted through the air. The Goodyear blimp circled overhead. The smog settled blue gray along the curbs.

Then the signal changed to green. Tom and Max stepped forward. The other bums followed.

"Even though I envisioned this," said Tom, "I can't believe it's happening."

"It's happening," said Max.

There were so many bums behind them that some of them were still crossing the street when the signal changed back to red. But they kept coming, holding up traffic, some of them lifting bottles of wine into the air and swigging at them. They marched along but there was no marching song. Just silence, except for the belches, the farts, the scuffle of worn shoes upon the pavement, and now and then somebody spoke:

"Hey, what the fuck we doing?"

"Gimme a swig of that stuff!"

"Kiss my ass!"

The sun burned down warmly.

"Should we go through with this thing?" Max asked.

"I'd feel pretty sick if we turned back now," Tom stated.

Then they were in front of Bowarms.

Tom and Max paused for a moment.

Then, as a pair, they pushed through the glass entrance doors.

The 76 bums followed along behind them in a long waving line. They walked up the plush corridors. The clerks looked at them, not quite understanding.

The Men's Department was on the first floor.

"Now," said Tom, "we have to set an example, we have to lend courage—"

"Yeah," Max said with uncertainty.

"Let's do it, Max!"

"Uh-huh."

The bums had stopped and were watching. Tom hesitated a moment, then walked up to a coatrack, slipped off the first coat—a yellow leather model with a fur collar. He dropped his old coat to the floor and slipped into the new one. A store clerk walked up, a trim little fellow with a neat mustache.

"May I help you, sir?"

"Yes, I like this one and I'm taking it. Put it on my charge card."

"American Express, sir?"

"No, Chinese Express."

"And I'm taking this one," said Max, slipping into an alligator special with giant side pockets, plus a hood for bad weather.

Then Tom took a hat off a rack, a rather ridiculous but rather charming cossack piece.

"This goes well with my complexion, I'll take this one too."

With that, the bums got into it. Moving forward, they began putting on coats and hats, scarves, raincoats, riding boots, dark shades, sweaters, gloves, various accessories.

"Charge or credit, sir?"

"Charge it to my bunghole, fucker."

Or, in another area

"That seems to fit you, sir—"

"Do I get a fourteen-day exchange privilege?"

"Of course, sir."

"But I might be dead in fourteen days."

"Sir?"

"Listen, cocksucker, do you have to keep saying 'sir' all the time?"

Then there was an overhead ringing. It was an alarm. Somebody had decided that commerce was being threatened.

Four men in brown and gray ill-fitting suits came running. They were bulky men, but closer to fat than to muscle. They rushed at the bums as if to remove them from the premises. But there were just too many bums. They were swarmed under by the bums. As they rolled about, cursing and threatening, a couple of them reached for their guns. There was gunfire, but it

was stupid and useless gunfire and soon the bulky men were disarmed. Such things happen at a rush that the eye never sees.

Like, suddenly there was a bum at the top of the escalator who had one of the guns. He was drunk. He'd never had a gun before. But he liked the gun. He aimed it and pulled the trigger. He hit a mannequin. The bullet went through the neck. The head fell to the floor: the death of an Aspen skier.

The death of this dead object seemed to cheer the bums. They spread upward throughout the store. They began yelling incoherent things but things which had meaning to them, as if, for a moment, all frustration and failure and sadness had left them. It was a curious and weird sound, ugly, yet not so—an incantation, maybe.

They rushed upward, yelling.

They swept about the new area.

And Tom and Max no longer led, they followed.

Counters were now being spilled, things were being broken. In the Cosmetic Department a young blond girl screamed, throwing up her arms. This attracted the sight of one of the younger bums who rushed up to her, pulled up her dress and grabbed her ass and screamed, "Wow!"

Another bum ran up for a feel, got it, and then another came running. Soon a gang of them fell across her and began ripping at her clothing. It was quite ugly. Yet it affected the other bums. They began running after other salesgirls.

"Holy Jesus," said Tom.

Tom found an unspilled tabletop. He leaped up on it and began yelling.

"No! No! Not this! Stop! Stop! This isn't what I meant!"

Tom yelled on and on...

Max stood there near Tom.

"Ah, shit," he said quietly.

The bums didn't relent. Drapes fell. Tables overturned. Glass counters shattered. Also, there were screams of mutilation and rape.

Something crashed quite loudly.

Then there was flame, but the men continued to pillage.

Tom leaped off the table. He looked at Max.

"Let's get the fuck out of here!"

Another dream shot to shit, another dead dog in the road, more dreams of garbage.

Tom began running and Max followed. They found the "Down" escalator, got on. As they went down, the police were riding on the "Up" escalator. Tom and Max still had on their

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FROM THE SECRET SCRAPBOOKS OF STEVE COOPER, DOPE PHOTOGRAPHER

Photographer Steve Cooper's work began appearing in *HIGH TIMES* with our January '77 cover. During the course of the next three years he contributed enormously to the look and vitality of the magazine in general, as well as creating some of our most memorable centerfolds. This month Cooper returns to the pages of *HIGH TIMES* with a behind-the-scenes look at some of his favorite shoots. Excerpted this month for your ogling pleasure, the secret scrapbooks of the man who is, in Editor-in-Chief Larry Sloman's words, "the greatest dope photographer of them all."

It was rough. Real rough. For three years I served as the private photographic eye for *HIGH TIMES* magazine, and that included covers, feature articles and more centerfolds than you can shake a \$200 Thai stick at. The pay was 16 grand a year and all the dope you could smoke, snort and swallow. And everybody said I was one lucky s.o.b., working at a job they'd dime on their own mothers for. And I guess that was one way of looking at it. There's no denying that the best "merch" (that's pho-

tographer slang for "merchandise," anything we shoot is called merchandise) from every corner of the planet found its way to my studio during that period. There was Colombian Cheeba Cheeba, pot that got you so high you felt lonely; specially prepared Lebanese hash (made with only the first plant rub-



bings) from the heart of the Bekaa Valley; uncut Peruvian cocaine labbed into rocks the size of canned hams; and more. I should mention here that I take pride in what I do and would rather work the bar-mitzvah circuit than shoot any merch that I didn't know for a fact was absolutely first-rate. So I'd taste the stuff. Every time. Just to

make sure. And that's where the rough part came in.

During the entire three-year period I don't think there were two consecutive hours when my psychophysical systems were operating under their own steam. Sure, I liked copping free samples off the most exotic dope in the world—who wouldn't? But after a while it became less of a thrill and more of a pain. For example: It's about 11 P.M. and I've just got home after spending 14 hours on a back-breaking (and mind-bending) *yohimbe* shoot. All I want now is a few hours of R&R with a DO NOT DISTURB sign hung over my brain. The phone rings, I pick it up and some joker from the *HIGH TIMES* Art Department is yelling at me, sayin' I'd better get my good-for-nothing ass down to the office pronto because the High Priest of the Coptic church just walked in with six of his bishops and some of the most outrageous-looking buds he's ever seen. So what am I going to do, go down and shoot the stuff without tasting it? Run the risk of giving you, my fans, less than the best? No way. Like I said, I'm a man who takes pride in his work.

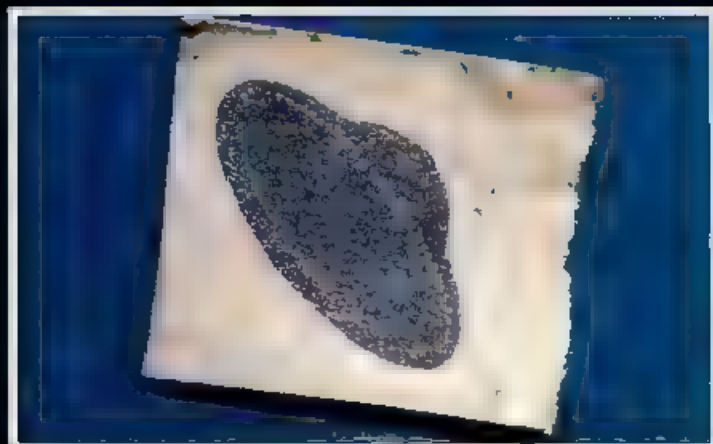


July '77—"Six years ago I won an award for this shot from the Art Directors Club, a class outfit consisting of the top dogs in American publishing who commend excellence wherever they find it. Today it would probably land me in the slammer, or at the least have Nancy Reagan, Michael Landon, Mr. T. and all the other drug experts screamin' for my f-stops. I remember thinking at the time how great I'd propped the shot—a genuine Davy Crockett lunch box, half-eaten peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich, chewed-up pencil. Big deal. It was a lousy idea—no, make that a fucked-up idea, and if someone asked me to do another one like it I wouldn't. I've since seen too many refried thirteen-year-olds to find anything cute or clever about this shot. But then again, it won an award, so what can you say."

May '81—"Late one night in the middle of the great acid Renaissance of 1980 a stranger showed up at my door with a suitcase full of every type of acid I'd ever seen and even some I hadn't.

The guy collected acid the way some kids collected baseball cards, with a compulsive, single-minded determination that bordered on major-league fanaticism. Funny thing was, he looked and acted normal until the subject of acid came up. Then he'd show his true colors. His eyes would get wide and he'd begin running off at the mouth nonstop about blotter versus tabs, Owsley versus Hoffman, what Garcia was dropping when he wrote *The Other One*—you get the picture. A real textbook case.

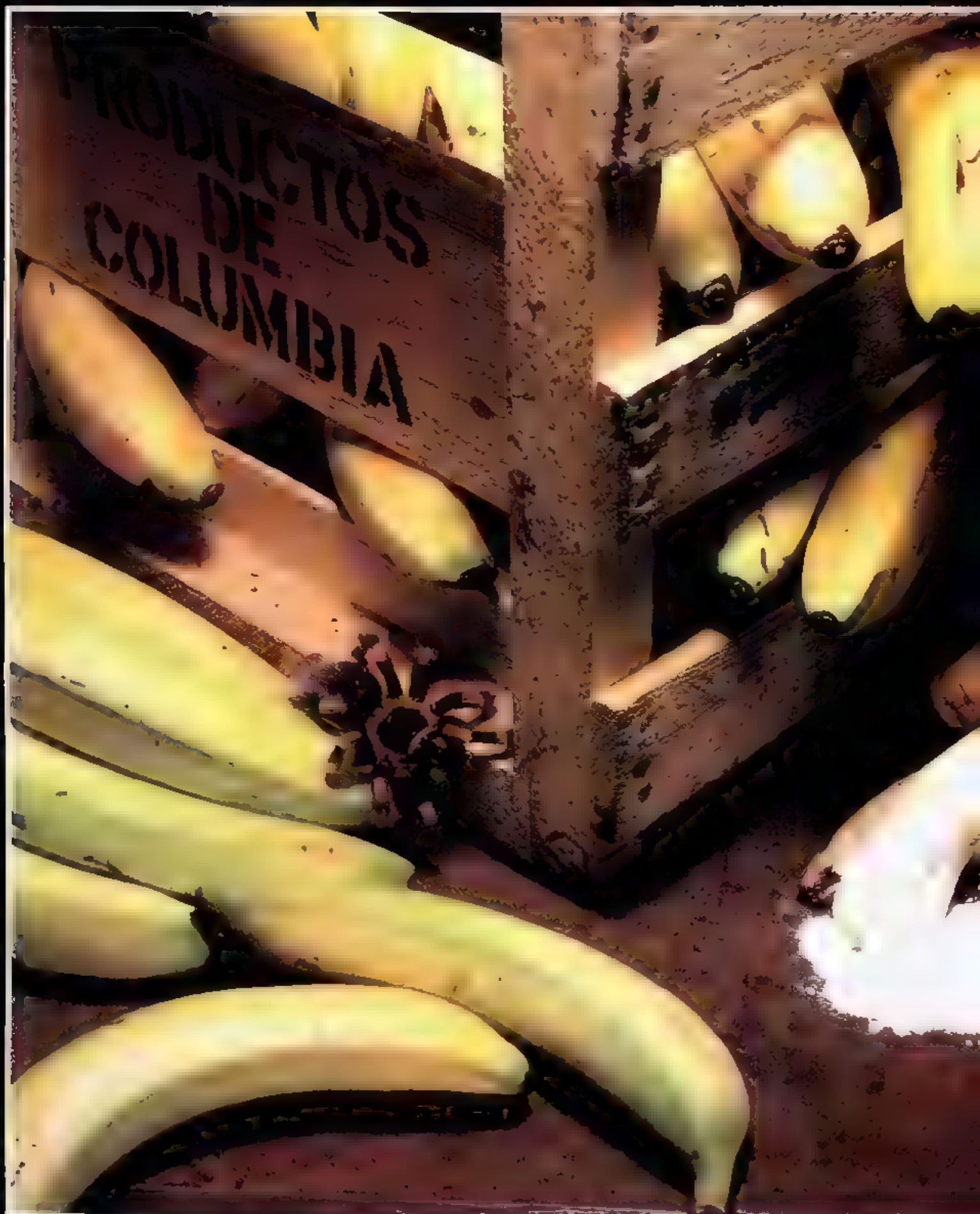
But his Goofy was outrageous."



October '77—"I was under direct orders from the HIGH TIMES brass not to sample the coca wine in this bottle because in the words of one HIGH TIMES flunky, 'That stuff's been fermenting for a hundred years, Cooper. Who knows what's floatin' around in there. Drink it and you're dead meat.' Were they playing straight with me or did the greedy s.o.b.'s want it all for themselves? I took the flunky at his words and didn't touch a drop (the only time I have not hit off the merch). I returned the bottle the next morning, and later that same day it was stolen."



March '79—"The office calls and tells me they're sending some people over to do a pot shoot. Fifteen minutes later and I've got hot and cold running Rastas in my studio—one's perched barefoot atop my chest of drawers smoking the biggest spliff I've ever seen. They never said a word and they never stopped smoking. They were a strange bunch, and if I didn't have this picture for evidence I'd swear I dreamt the whole thing."





May '78—"The tarantula was not my idea. I usually don't do animal acts, but as it was explained to me, just about every real crate of bananas contains at least one genuine tarantula spider. So I figured what the hell and gave it a shot. Sixteen hours later and I remembered why I didn't do animal acts. We couldn't get the spider to stay still long enough for me to take a light reading, let alone focus my camera. We called the Museum of Natural History and were told to put the thing in the fridge for fifteen minutes. That slowed it down some, but not quite enough. So I stuck it in the freezer. It stayed in there for just under ten minutes and I was able to take the shot you see here. Personally, I felt that I could do better, but my assistants were giving me flak about how I was mistreating the thing. Shortly after this picture was taken the spider died."

Overleaf

December '78—"A funny story. About two and a half months after I snapped this centerfold I got a call from the guy whose merch it was. He was absolutely ecstatic about the shot; totally blown away by it, me and the whole damn thing. So we're talking for a while and then he says he better go 'cause they don't like it when he stays on the phone too long. 'Who don't like it?' I ask. 'The guards,' he says. 'I got busted for this merch a few days after I left your studio, and I'm callin' you from the state penitentiary!'"





TALES OF THE CRIMINAL LAW MONTHLY

America the strange—and in some cases the seriously disturbed if not the downright bizarre. Culled from a never-ending roster of adjudicated anomalies, HIGH TIMES presents the perverse side of criminal law. by Mark Swain

The Criminal Law Monthly is one of the soberest, most unfunny publications in all publishing, which is what makes every single issue of it such a treat. CLM editor Patrick Bishop, the Houston attorney who inherited this impossible professional publication from the University of Houston Law School last year, reviews every single criminal case that reaches the appeals court, every single month. All those cases which show a likelihood of changing around any one of the finer points of American jurisprudence—affecting the exclusionary rule, for instance, or the process of jury selection, touching on capital punishment or the all-important matter of lawyers' conduct and lawyers' fees—are extracted and summarized by Bishop in the CLM, and extensive selections of the relevant judicial opinions are reprinted verbatim.

In any field other than criminal law, this would be mere boring drudge work. But no, here we're talking about mass murders, rapes, swindles, arson, child molestation, kidnapping, assault, narcotics, police malfeasance, prosecutorial misconduct, incompetent attorneys, malevolent judges, harebrained juries and the general decline and fall of a very lively and energetic civilization. The whole thing is so horrible and comical that the simple process of rendering it all into assembly-line legal prose, for the convenience of the attorneys who subscribe to the CLM, renders it triply grotesque and hilarious.

It takes a deep and experienced person to do all this—and he or she has to be a little quirky, too. Pat Bishop does it all superbly, furnishing a highly specialized reference journal for criminal-defense attorneys at a tithe the cost of more unwieldy general-reference services. And to work off the horror and anguish of it all, Bishop creates eerie short stories straight out of his subconscious, fresh and still flopping.

cf., the unmatched "John Agar Is Sleeping," in the Sept. '83 HIGH TIMES. Also, he annotates his very favorite cases for the delectation of privileged subscribers, calling their attention to especially significant atrocities and injustices with notices like, "Pervert of the Month" and "Don't EVER Let This Guy out of Jail!"

To catch the special flavor of American criminal justice this late in the century, you yourself really ought to subscribe to the Criminal Law Monthly: \$125 per year, P.O. Box 740504, Houston, TX 77274. Failing that, here's a sampler of some of the juicier CLM cases from all over the nation, as digested and regurgitated by our own Mark Swain.

ABANDON DOPE, ABANDON HOPE

Hunter's pot plane blew a tire on the taxiway of the airport after touchdown, and he split straight out of it, leaving it unlocked, in the way of other incoming aircraft and reeking with dope. After the conviction he claimed he'd meant to come straight back and fix the tire and move it all to a safe place, so the cops had no right to go snooping into his private property without a warrant. The court retorted that since he'd obviously "abandoned" it totally, the cops were entirely within their rights and powers. Appeal denied.

—Florida, 1981

A CHUNK OF HASH, A PIZZA AND THOU...

A pretty girl walked up to Paterno, where he was sitting on his porch, and asked to use the phone. "Sure!" said Paterno, and asked if she'd like to smoke some dope while she was about it. The lady was agreeable to the idea, so they sent out for a pizza and proceeded to whet their appetites with hashish. When the kid showed up with the pizza

SURE,
HUNTER,
SURE

at length, however, he recognized the girl from his shop; she'd been around earlier that day, with an obvious plain-clothes cop, asking leading questions about dope, and the delivery kid tipped Paterno to that in no uncertain terms before he left.

"Are you a narc?" asked Paterno. She said she wasn't, but he still took all his marijuana into the john, flushed it loudly and returned with the empty Baggie. He and the undercover cop-chick smoked up the rest of his hash, and she went away. Five days later the cops raided Paterno's place with a search warrant for "drugs," found a tiny bit of cocaine and took him off to jail.

Now, to get a search warrant for dope, the cops had to swear to a judge they believed there was some dope in the house, right? But since their chick had heard him flush his grass, and had helped him finish every last crumb of his hash, how could they possibly have reason to suspect there was any dope left around the place?

Their Worship shot this one down deftly enough. He should've let her watch him flush his stash, they ruled. "With prices of controlled substances" being what they are, it was reasonable for the cops to conclude he'd only *pretended* to flush all that marijuana down the toilet.

—Iowa, 1982

WHAT TINFOIL? WHAT MIRROR?

The Bay City narcs really thought they had Ms. Simpson. They bashed into her place, warrant and all, and found two guys in one room and a whole lot of heroin in the other. Since Simpson lived there and paid the rent, and her fingerprints were on a mirror and some tinfoil, and her hat was in the same room with all that dooie, the cops really thought they had her solid. But since the lady herself was nowhere near the premises during the raid, the court pointed out, there was really nothing at all to connect her with the heroin these two guys were holding there.

—Michigan, 1981

THE LUCKY WIDOW

Exhibit A in the murder trial of Mrs. Nash—the *corpus delicti* itself, the body of the late Mr. Nash—came to be suppressed from evidence in the most extraordinary way.

After shooting her husband dead (he had been cheating on her, or plotting to, anyhow), Mrs. Nash tucked the body away in a box in their mobile home. Then, impoverished of his salary, she ran behind in the rent and had to move

out briefly. The landlady, discovering this evil-smelling box in the trailer, had it moved outside. Before she got to looking into it, though, the widow Nash called up, promising the rent bread, which she had somehow scraped together. The landlady's suspicions still aroused, she finally opened the reeking box, and called the cops as soon as she saw the contents. The cops came in like gangbusters, ripped the box apart and took off to roll up Mrs. Nash.

Unfortunately, since Mrs. Nash had clearly not relinquished her property rights in the trailer, and the cops had no search warrant, the remains of Mr. Nash were suppressed from evidence.

—Michigan, 1982

WHAT IS THE SOUND OF ONE HAND BEATING OFF?

"The pivotal issue we address is whether the appellant had a reasonable expectation of privacy to be free from government intrusion while masturbating in the confines of a film booth."

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, a man went into Ben's Book Bin, paid his 50 cents to lock himself into a coin-op film booth, and commenced jerking off to the porno prog on the little screen. At or about the same point in time, an officer of the Tulsa vice squad entered the same premises and browsed along the row of film booths until he heard the sound of "someone masturbating." And the cop stooped way down, looked up from under the bottom of the film-booth door and saw this criminal masturbating, in "plain view," more or less.

The charge was Openly Outraging Public Decency, and it pulled a conviction for this poor guy. And Their Worship upheld the conviction, too, on the grounds that the act of masturbation had been *audible* to this police officer (who was presumably well-experienced in identifying the telltale noises of male masturbation), giving him reasonable cause to snoop up under the booth door.

—Oklahoma, 1982

BOOK CORRUPTS MAN

Having read a book titled *The Hows and Why of the Counterfeiter*, Mr. Brunson decided to try his hand at the enterprise. This was not a smart thing for him to do. The print-shop tech he approached, with his plans for forging federal reserve notes, went straight to the feds. They brought in a skilled undercover engraver who ran off a few very bad bills for Brunson, at Brunson's instigation, simply so that Brunson could be busted for conspiracy to coun-

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DID HE GET ANY NOOKIE, AT LEAST?

GREAT POLICE WORK HERE. REALLY TOP-NOTCH.

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON

HOW DO THEY TRAIN THOSE TULSA VICE COPS, I WONDER...

TAKE 300 ASPIRINS AND HARVEST IN THE MORNING

They may not be able to cure the common cold or get you high when you wash them down with a glass of Coca-Cola, but according to our readers, aspirins will produce plants with bigger buds.

Here are answers to a few of your recent stumper questions:

Dear Ed,

This letter is written in response to J.H. of Connecticut's stumper question in your Sept. '83 column regarding treating plants with aspirin during their flowering period.

I experimented this past season (my fourth) with three female plants by giving them a solution of two aspirins per one gallon of water. Six feet from these plants there were two other female plants growing to which I did not give aspirin. The plants were treated only once, at the third week of flowering. The two treated plants turned hermaphroditic and thousands of pollen sacs grew. The two untreated plants remained all female.

The hermaphrodite's buds were big, with pollen sacs interspersed with female flowers. Much to my surprise, the seeded hermaphrodites were far better than Colombian, almost as good as sinsemilla.

—K.B.
Jamaica, N.Y.

Dear Ed,

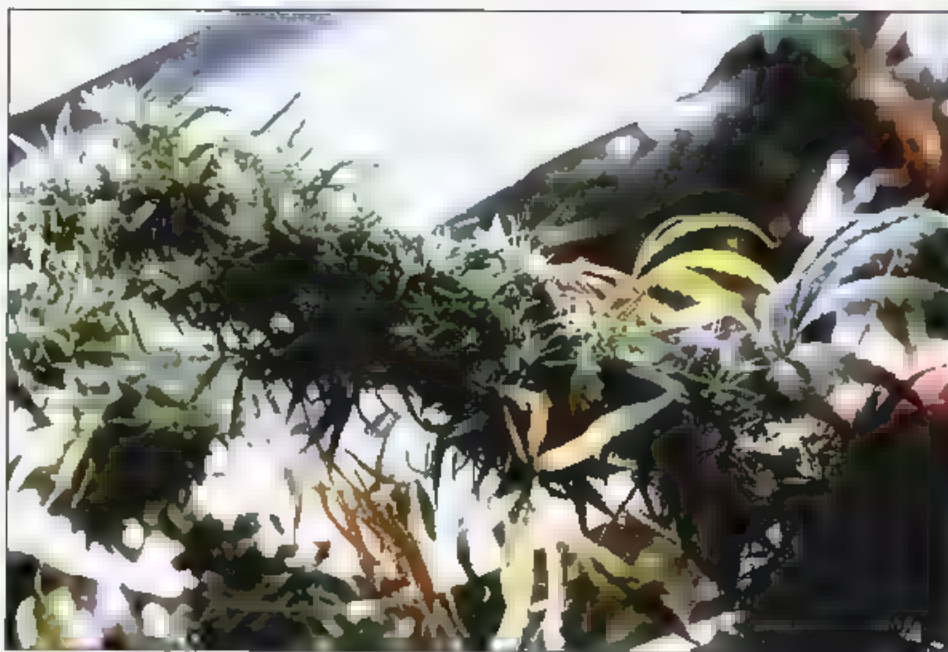
Re: your Sept. '83 "aspirin stumper."

The International Wildlife magazine (Jan.-Feb. '83) has a mini-article which says, in part, "... aspirin apparently promotes formation of flower and leaf buds, stimulates leaf growth and reduces water uptake... Spraying crops with aspirin can make them more resistant to drought... Aspirin has been shown to boost a plant's own disease-fighting abilities..."

—R.R.
La Joya, N.M.

Dear Ed,

Regarding RCH's stumper letter in



Bud of the Month: Indoor bud submitted by B.J.

your Oct. '83 column, here's what I know about Vitamin B₁.

The vitamin has no use from what I've read, but might be of some benefit to the microflora and microfauna in the surface soils, though even that is doubtful. Vitamin B₁ is added to a few commercial products for plant shock.

Some studies showed better results using B₁, but all the later research disputed those findings and it does not seem to be of any value. This information can be found in current textbooks for propagation and nurseryman guides.

Claims of dramatic results using hormones are not supported by any of the research I've read. There's no reason to use these substances except to experiment and play around. The only practical use

might be to stimulate a partial change in the sexual expression for breeding work, such as producing a true breeding type through self-fertilization, which is usually not possible.

Gibberellins may be used to produce partial staminate expression in a pistillate individual. These might be able to suppress the sexual expression of one or other sex in a hermaphroditic type.

—Anonymous
N. Calif

Dear Ed,

I have heard of a place they call the "Valley of the Giants," where cabbages grow to eighty pounds, white radishes grow longer than baseball bats and carrots measure more than a foot around! It's

Garden of the Month: Big Buds in Little Rhody:

"Thought I'd send some pictures of our Colombian-indica crossbreed. Our plant room is six feet by six feet and puts out nine to eleven ounces twice a year. These colas had to be trained to keep them out of the lights. The buds were tasty like indica but very stony like Colombian." From Den and Mark



the Matanuska Valley, a 250,000-acre garden about forty miles northeast of Anchorage. The soil is rich, there's plenty of rain and the summer temperature averages seventy degrees. But the big secret behind the monster veggies is the twenty straight hours of sunlight the valley gets in the summer. The vegetables just don't get a chance to sleep. What I want to know is, can you get marijuana plants to grow to mammoth sizes like the vegetables?

—K.E.W.
Ocala, Fla.

I have heard of "Matanuska Thunder-

fuck" (the local variety) for five years but have never actually seen any. It's supposed to be pretty good. It's legal to cultivate for personal use in Alaska, too. They must have some very short-season plants, though. It starts getting cold in late August. Firsthand comments and photos from Alaska growers would be appreciated.

Dear Ed,

I have a few questions about growing conditions in my area. My first problem is a very high alkaline content in my soil. How do I combat this problem? Also,

what must I do to fight extreme heat and desert conditions?

—K.L.
El Centro, Calif.

Alkaline soils can be neutralized most easily by working acidic materials into them. Some organic materials that are helpful are coffee grounds, manure, compost, cottonseed meal, pine needles, sawdust and citrus rind. Iron or magnesium sulfate can also be used. Gypsum can be used to chemically soften hardpan, often associated with alkaline soils.

The soil can be kept cool even in desert conditions by using a light-colored mulch or covering the top of the soil. This will reflect most of the sun's rays. Suitable materials are straw, newspaper and burlap cloth.

Dear Ed,

Here's my problem and it's a big one. I'm just an average grower who grows for himself and doesn't sell. Everyone I talk to recommends different things for these little whiteflies, but the things they recommend either kill my plants or might kill me. I would like to know what I can use that isn't harmful to me or my plants. Right now I'm worried because I have

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Plant of the Month: Self branching Wisgham adaption, grown outside of Madison. Photo taken at night. By Ed, San Francisco Bay Area.

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BIG JACK AND THE UNNAMED TRIBE, PART I

Big Jack had a choice. He could either leave his snug little teaching post in the Anthropology Department at a small northwestern college and go back and live among the head-hunting savages of the upper Amazon river basin, or he could stay put and lose his tenure. by Ted Mann

It was flattery, Jack thought, to call it a shut. The stuff eddying in the toilet bowl looked more like the contents of a Toucan's crop, a moist multicolored wad of material that couldn't have been through much more than a tenth of the digestive process. That was how guts did their work after almost 10 years of teaching anthropology in a small northwestern college. A college set in the midst of an unchanging evergreen forest always too green, always dripping water and always, everywhere, a smell like the smell of a cardboard car deodorizer.

Somewhere outside the washroom Jack could hear the girl moving around. She was a girl with a name like Jennifer or Kimberly. A name from a different generation. Girls from Jack's generation had names like Sally, Michelle or possibly Jane. Nice names that didn't remind him so much of the girls' parents and their ambitions for the children, names like ribbons of sweetness knotted round the kid's neck minutes after its birth.

Jack lit a cigarette, sucked twice and threw it on top of the mess in the toilet bowl, quickly flushing. He had lungs like a couple of blistered dry-cleaning bags and had been warned to stop smoking by everyone except John Lennon because John Lennon was dead.

"Are you smoking, Jack?" the girl asked

"I lit a match for the smell. It stinks in here."

"Because you drink too much," Jennifer said.

Jack nodded to himself. Too much for his age and his psychic shape and too much lately for an excuse. He went to brush his teeth and couldn't find the toothbrush. He remembered that Jennifer had replaced it with some kind of a stick. A piece of wood with a splintered up end that was supposed to be good for your gums and breath and had left a half-inch splinter somewhere under his tongue a few days before.

"What time's your first class?" Jennifer asked, a teakettle whistling behind her, an academic's whistle to work.

"Pretty soon. Ten o'clock, I think," said Jack.

"We gotta hurry," she said. "I've made some Morning Thunder, and you can give me a ride to the campus."

Jack's wife Karen had been gone 10 years. Something like 18 years. Karen used to lie in bed in the morning, talk sleepily to him as he prepared for work. Turned out she was lying there because she was too lazy to get up when she knew she'd just have to get right back into bed in a few hours anyway when the guy who had left his red-plaid woolen jacket arrived—about the time Jack started his second lecture. How the hell could she fuck a guy who wore a jacket

like that—everybody wore a jacket like that. Now Jack wore it, or he did sometimes. Especially when he was going to town and thought he might run into Karen.

Jack walked into the kitchen and Jennifer shoved him a huge cumbersome chunk of ceramic mug. It was a five-pound red-and-black lump of stuff with a handle as thick as a javelin and a bas relief of a Kwakwaka'wakw thunderbird on him. It had struck some previous girlfriend, also a student, as the ideal present for her anthropology professor. He sipped the herbal infusion it contained, half certain that the mug's badly applied glazes were in part responsible for the horrible taste of the tea and for the ruined condition of his guts.

"Do you want to look at my grant proposal before we leave?" asked Jennifer.

"No. If I looked at it now it wouldn't be good. I mean, if really sick, horrible-feeling people look at your grant proposal they might make bad, inappropriate suggestions and that might fuck up your whole grant and most of your life as a result. It's a real mistake to underestimate how much of your future is contingent upon a grant proposal."

Jennifer made a face at him.

"I'm serious," he said.

"Well, when do you want to look at my grant proposal?"

Jack gave the matter some thought. It

was like sitting his brain down on a pile of broken glass. "How about tonight?"

"That's what you said last night. I have to see my boyfriend tonight, in case you forgot."

"Oh, shut. I forgot," said Jack. "Maybe some other night. Maybe Thursday night?"

"Thursday," Jennifer affirmed.

And Thursday seemed as far away as never seen through the wrong end of good binoculars.

Professor Ariel, the head of the Anthropology Department, caught up with Jack halfway across the parking lot after Jack's last lecture. "I've been trying to catch up with you for ages—and now I've got you," said Ariel, trying to make an exciting coincidence out of the fact that he'd been hiding behind a Ford for three hours staking out his subordinate.

Jack had spotted the older man's umbrella tip behind a car adjacent to his own but decided not to duck him. After all, the prof with his foot halfway into a blistered MG has a marginal advantage in a business-type discussion.

"What is it, Doug?" Professor Ariel was not fond of his first name.

"Ah, yes, there was a matter of business as well... that I wanted to see you about. Though, ah, the parking lot here is hardly the place..." Jack had already started his car.

Ariel mustered himself for the long-considered and well-thought-out message of counsel and reprimand. His chest swelled like a half-frozen pigeon walking on the head of a heroic equestrian statue. Jack killed the engine.

"What is it, Ariel?" he asked, for at one time, Jack remembered, they had been friends.

Ariel's chest collapsed and a look of relief crossed his face at the opportunity to dump the dignity. "Give me a ride in to town. We better get a drink."

Jack jerked a thumb at the other door of the sport car, watched the older, heavier man struggle, and felt his weight pull the steering out of trim as they drove out of the faculty parking lot.

"Get a drink," said Jack. "It must be pretty bad. We haven't had a drink for about six years... You don't mean noggins of mulled regional wine at a den wife's theme party, do you?" he suspected.

"No," said Ariel. "It's a load of shit. Let's wait, Jack, okay?"

Well, indeed. If the old guy wanted to wait until he had two or three guilt erasers in his guts, at least he wasn't afraid to say so. Some Ph.D. department-head-

type guys took a positive delight in unleashing a baying kennel of shit hounds on your ass just when you had the worst hangover since pharaonic times and the hum of the fluorescent lights sounded like a swarm of killer-bee scouts.

"Jack, it's like this," said Doug Ariel, banging his shot glass on the arboreal bar counter.

"Yeah?" said Jack.

"We've got to have another one of these here," said Ariel, palming the little bugger again. "Bartender," he cried, both offending and flattering the alcoholic ox in the red-plaid woolen jacket at the end of the bar. Like every other bartender in the world, this one hated to be called by job description, figuring if it wasn't for his strength of spirit and moral muscularity he'd be putting plastic hearts in dentists or tossing Oscars out his hotel-room window at passing patrol cars. Reluctantly, the man tore himself away from a mumbling, flashing, idiot TV and poured two grudging drinks. Ariel overtipped him and the creep took it like the old prof was returning some change the bartender had dropped.

"His name's Jack," said Jack.

"That's right," said Ariel. "Nice fellow, kind of quiet. Sort of like natural."

"Jack Mieoff," said Jack. "He don't have much to say or do. He's just a sadistic piece of shit who figures he's got the world beat because he doesn't work for the post office or pay taxes on his tips."

"Jack," said Ariel, "I got to talk to you. I mean, there's a reason for all this."

"No shit?" said Jack. "I thought you were just the kind of fifty-eight-year-old married guy who liked to go out drinkin' till two in the morning in brain-grinder bars that smell like wet red-plaid woolen jackets and have wood everywhere you look."

"No, Jack, this is serious... really. and it's not easy for me... you're my friend... I know you're not my friend that much anymore, but it's still there, right?"

"Right," said Jack. "If this is going to be a serious-type discussion, though, maybe we should talk somewhere else."

Professor Ariel looked bewildered.

"Like at one of those Pac-Man tables. They're both functional tables and games as well. Sort of like university life. Also, we won't have goons in red-plaid woolen jackets overhearing us, which is a kind of personal thing I won't burden you with, old friend." Jack led the department head to a coin-op game table.

"This isn't to be taken lightly, Jack. I'm not acting on my own. I'm under orders. I have to say this."

"So this is primarily business we're talking, right?" asked Jack. "University-type, serious, legit business?"

"Right," agreed Professor Ariel.

"In that case, it takes place at the request of university authorities, is sanctioned by the board of regents and is by virtue of such high seriousness to be paid for by the aforementioned dick-heads out of the poor tax-paying suckers' cash, aided and abetted by such tuition fees as from time to time may be paid by scholars at our day-care center. Give me a quarter for this little illuminated model of the Anthropology Department."

Ariel gave him a quarter.

"Hey, wool-coat, we're out of drinks!"

The bartender brought them.

"Jack, ah, it is the opinion of the, ah, powers that be, that you are, a, um, brilliant man. An, ah, adornment to the, ah, college. They also feel that it would be, ah, it would be terrible for all of us to, um, lose you—"

"And virtually impossible, seeing as I'm about as tenured as can possibly be."

"Ah, Jack. That's part of the problem. I mean, this is coming straight from, ah, well, I guess the guy who tells the top what to do these days. Straight that is from the, ah, Computer Science Department in consultation of course with our law faculty, and it is the opinion of these people that you may have violated some of the terms under which tenure is, uh, granted."

"What?!" screamed Jack.

"Specifically, they mentioned 'moral turpitude,' granted, a rather all-embracing infraction, yet—"

"*Goddamn it, Doug, there are people on staff who rob the coffee machine to keep their sheep dogs on a shrimp diet and eat the mutts' shit as a sacrament in satanist ceremonies!*"

"Calm down for a minute. These are precisely the people we have to contend with. Listen. It's a poor lecturer who attends to himself. Um, excuse me. But I was your thesis adviser. It's my opinion that if you get fucked, so will I. Get it?"

"Yeah. Now?"

"You appreciate I am on your side?"

"Yeah. Now?"

"You also appreciate that I am an older man who intends to remain head of the Anthropology Department until retirement?"

"Yeah, now?"

"I have therefore worked out a solution that may save both our asses. Mine being, of course, the primary ass to be saved. It was the only solution I could sell them, because they sprang it on me with no warning and would have had you fired by now were it not for

some quick if not unfathomably deep thinking on my part"

"Yeah, now."

"As I said, these people dislike you, and to a lesser degree dislike our discipline and department. Having as it does a relatively fat budget left over from the early '70s, happier days."

A peaceful look crossed the old prof's face.

"Yeah. Now. Wait. Why do they hate me? Why don't they just try and fuck you at budget time?"

"My hair," said Ariel, "is long and gray. I have written many wise words. My character is unassailable. I stand near the head of my field. Mostly, though, my hair is long and gray. So they try and fuck my staff"

"Shit. Yeah, and now," said Jack.

"They have taken the trouble to gather evidence. You, Jack, since the breakup of your marriage, have been acting, they say, in an erratic fashion. Drinking, women. Drinking with women students. Sleeping with women students. And, Jack, getting grants for women students. Apparently they have evidence. Xeroxes of grant proposals with your signed recommendations attached—"

"Yeah, and now?"

"Now, Jack, they want your ass." He paused dramatically, or drunkenly. "Oh, it's not just you, it's our discipline, Jack. We're not hip anymore. They, and I mean *them*, Jack, Satan's men, believe we have too much money and too much staff and not enough pie charts and spread sheets and God knows what else—so you're it!" The prof reached over and tagged him on the shoulder

"What," said Jack.

"It's how I saved your ass."

"How?"

"I said you were going back into the field. That you were going back to where you started out and do a follow-up on your thesis and get all anthropologists, especially me and you, out from under this cloud of subjective data-molesting mythos-manipulating muck that's been chucked at us all since Margaret Mead got reproached in that book, whatever it was called. Anyway, I said you couldn't be booted for moral turps just when you were going to produce a meteor shower of glory for the university, or college if you will, the still-vital field of cultural anthropology and me and you. Right?" He banged his empty shot glass on the table and the piece of Crisco in the greasy sheep coat tending bar trotted over, uninvited, with a whole new attitude he wanted to show off.

"Can I buy you fellows a drink?" asked the bartender.

"Yeah," said Jack, his knees, fortunately not in use, suddenly weak. "French Cor bozze-e-yay in goldfish bowls."

Jack's entire rain-soaked pine-scented tenured prof's most ardent cedar-stinking, student-fucking existence had just had a gallon or so of awful poison dumped on its roots. It must be how an amateur coke mule feels when his flight from La Paz depressurizes at 28,000 feet and the condom of coke he swallowed blows up and busts in his guts and for a millisecond the cabin becomes clearer and he can hear everything people are thinking in Mexico City and he feels great, then he realizes why and that's it. The unfortunate hits the wall. In less time than it takes to drop your pencil, blood pressure has gone from Hoover Dam turbine-driving intensity to sludgy coagulate. A heart that had been working like a joy buzzer in a Shriner's palm is as still and as dead and as reusable as a Trader Vic cocktail napkin full of snot lying by a lamp post in the rain.

"You mean I have to go back there?" asked Jack

"Why not?" said Prof. Doug Ariel with the nonchalance of an academic who had never actually been into parts of the Amazon jungle and met the sub-human head-shrinking people who drank beer made out of spit. "Go back catch up on how tribal society has changed since you did your thesis—you got a great chance to apologize for any subjective-type anthropomorphic mistakes you made the first time out—and incidentally, make a buck." The old prof shrugged. "Anyway, I told 'em you were. If you don't, your ass is on special."

Jack's thesis, which in a deacademized form had become a best-selling book published shit, 10, no, shit, 18 years earlier, had been the result of his living amongst a tribe of people located somewhere east of Ecuador and very close to hell, if the size of the bugs and the number of children present were any indication. He estimated at the time that the infant mortality rate was close to 98 percent, so it was a mystery unplumbed (at least in Jack's book) where full quorums of antipathetical headshrinking clans came from. Sometimes starvation and disease took such a toll that families sundered themselves merely so they could declare each other enemies, attribute their shit-ball lives to their former brothers and hack off each other's heads in revenge.

"But I'm too old. I don't want to go back there... they might not fuckin' / continued on page 65

After three hours of vomiting and clinging to the log, Jack saw his first *Jivaro*. He did not think of the man as a savage. He mistook him for a monkey.

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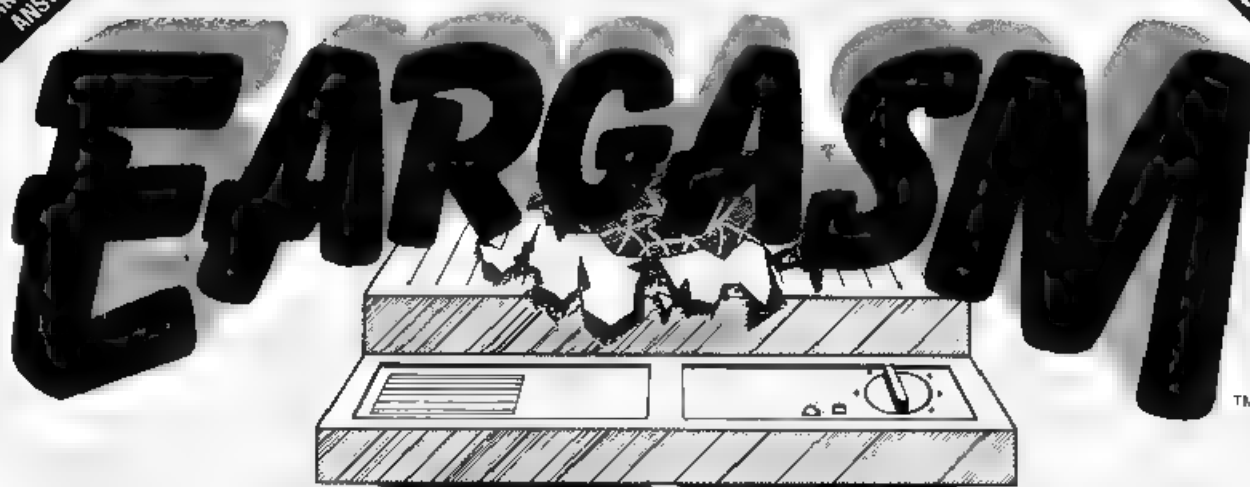
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terfeit U.S. currency. And even though Brunson never "conspired" with anybody who did not set him up for this bust, and could never have committed the crime all by himself, he went to jail! Something to think about when anyone might feel tempted to start up a narcotics enterprise with only a book-learning familiarity with narcotics.

—Indiana, 1982

TERMINATE WITH EXTREME IDIOCY

Three professional mercenary soldiers testified at Cotner's trial, asserting that in their esoteric terminology the verb "to terminate" doesn't necessarily mean "to murder." It could possibly only mean "to neutralize" or something, for all these mercs knew.

Cotner had advertised in the *Soldier of Fortune* classifieds, offering "exciting, high-risk undercover stateside work." Respondents to the ad received a written mission to "Terminate H—J—... Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, as soon as possible. Keep anything you want from his apartment. He is a big local drug dealer and has a lot of cash and drugs on hand... Seriously injure on [sic] any males—slight injury on females around at time of completion."

But Cotner was only offering \$500 for the hit, and \$50 a week for barely 30 months. Respondents turned over his kill notes to the feds, and he was busted for "mailing a threatening communication."

Their Worships were not impressed with the professional soldiers' testimony. "The correspondence quoted above speaks for itself," they snapped. Go directly to jail, Cotner.

—Wisconsin, 1982

GIRLS! MAKE BIG \$\$\$\$ MODELING!

King, the amateur photographer, advertised for models in a Philadelphia newspaper. He was also an amateur rapist, it turns out. In the first incident he visited the 17-year-old ad respondent at her home, filled out a bogus application form and model release with her, and began snapping photos of her in a very short dress with no panties. During a break, when he left the room briefly, the girl began doing limber-up exercises, until she noticed him in the door, masturbating while watching. She told him she wasn't into bailing, but he still got all pushy, and would have raped

her if her boyfriend hadn't shown up.

The second incident was more professional. He simply met the 19-year-old respondent in a bar, had a drink while they made out his bogus forms, took her to a nearby building and raped her. While she dressed afterward, he took her purse, and was rummaging through it when she left. He chased her down the street, though, to return the purse, explaining that he'd merely been looking for the bogus employment form which the cops might use to trace him. She called the cops, who had no trouble in tracing him anyhow. They also found the 17-year-old, and persuaded her to press charges.

The only question on appeal was whether King's combined trial for rape and attempted rape unduly prejudiced the jury against him. (Two separate trials might have given him two juries who would only be half as prejudiced against him, maybe, as one jury hearing the details of both atrocities.) Their Worships agreed that this argument was not only feeble, but a waste of the court's time and King's lawyer money.

—Pennsylvania, 1982

MY SON, THE SNITCH

In Seattle the narcs had reason to believe a certain lady was selling smack out of her house, but not enough good reason to get a search warrant. So one of the narcs coaxed up to her five-year-old son, Reggie, and gave him \$5 to tell "where the little balloons were hidden." Reggie piped right up, of course, and that was the basis for the warrant. The lady was convicted initially, but the conviction was reversed on appeal, the judges growling about these "George Orwell and Adolf Hitler" police tactics. The prosecution appealed the reversal, however, and the conviction was reaffirmed by the almighty ninth circuit. "We have no reason to believe," Their Worships predicted brightly, "that this kind of information-gathering method is or will become anything remotely approaching standard procedure in any law-enforcement community in the United States."

—Washington, 1981

BETTER THAN A RUBBER HOSE

This poor woman named Tingle got a real going-over from Agent Sibley after he'd read her her Mirandas. He totaled up the maximum she might get for every offense—40 years—and kept referring to her two-year-old daughter, and what a long time it was sure to be before she saw her mommy again.

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YOU THOUGHT THE DEA HAD THE CORNER ON ENTRAPMENT?

HE WASN'T A THIEF, HE WAS A DEGENERATE

A GENTLEMAN THIS COTNER

OH YEAH? SEE THE NEXT CASE

MAKING HASH THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

Want to learn how to convert worthless leaf into potent hashish? Not by using chemicals, boiling techniques or any of the other dozen or so American hi-tech processes, but by using the traditional methods of Moroccan hashmakers. Well, it's easier than you think.

"Hashish," said the Unknown Hashmaker, "is easier to make than you think. I started making it because I figured that there had to be something better to do with the leaf that I gathered than just using it as mulch. I know that Americans have tried to extract the resin using boiling techniques, chemical treatments and other tortures, but they are often more trouble than they are worth. Instead, I use the old-world methods of traditional hash making.

"The Nepalese rub the live plants with their hands and then peel the sticky resin. They knead the raw hash until the friction and pressure mixed with the sweat and oil from their palms fuses the potent glands into a hard, sticky, resinous mass, free of air. Then they let it cure for a few weeks, so that it dries a little and forms a hard skin. This method is very time-consuming and only works when the plant is still fresh.

"The Moroccans use a faster method which I adapted. I tie a cloth tightly round a bowl and rub clean leaf across it a few times. Most of the THC glands drop into the bowl. Then I heat the flour and compress it using a small vise."

"Is that all there is to it?" I asked.

"The cloth matters. Some cloths are more efficient than others in removing the glands. I like silk scarves best. But some thin cottons are also good."

"What about pressing? How do you get the stuff to stick together?"

"Some of my friends add a few touches of safflower oil to the glands and then roll the stuff around in their palms for a while. Simulating Nepalese. I just use plain old leaf, no additives."

The hashish got me high, but had a minty-fresh taste, very unusual. It looked like Moroccan kief.

"I figured that if the Moroccans could concentrate their weak-quality grasses to make hash, I could do the same thing with leaf," said U.H. "I don't know if there's a market for it, I just smoke it, myself. Sometimes I add it to a joint."

Then U.H. led me to his hash-making chamber. It was decorated in Indian fantasy. There were beads, batiks and embroidered cloths, the smell of incense permeated the air, and the music of Indian movie soundtracks flowed from a Sony cassette recorder. There was a faded plaque of John Kennedy with retouched eyes sitting on the counter. The last U.S. president respected in the world.

He started with cleaned shake. It contained no sticks, stems or seeds. He brushed the grass against the cloth vigorously, then dumped the spent grass in a pile. "I use it in my compost and mulch," he said. From a pound he sifted about a half an ounce. "Sometimes I do two rubbings, the first is higher quality, and the other grade B. But it's easier to do one longer rubbing."

He heated the flour, at first using a clothes steamer, until a friend dropped

by and suggested a hot plate on low. "Wow, I can't believe I never thought of that," he said as he changed heaters. At the same time he heated the vise, using a small portable torch. "I have a form to mold the grass around here somewhere," he said. We gave up looking after a half an hour. "I guess we'll just have to press a patty. It doesn't come out as well because the pressure is uneven, but it will give you the idea."

He took the grass and wrapped it in fine cotton cloth. "Fine-polished, unfinished wood works great, but real cellophane is best. It's hard to get here, everything's made from plastic now, but the Moroccans use cellophane because it gives the hash a fine texture, with a shiny surface."

Everything was ready. He put the wrapped flour in the vise and started to turn. When he could turn the vise no further he released the pressure and then unwrapped the package. Sure enough, it looked like green kief. "It takes a week for it to harden," he said.

We tried some of the crumbs. They did get me high.

"The color of the hash depends on the grass," he said. "Too bad I misplaced the mold, it looks real professional when the flour is pressed in one, and the pressure is more even, so that the hash comes out firmer and more consistent."

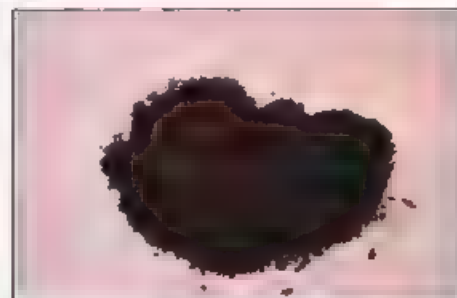
"Shut up and pass me the pipe," I said. □



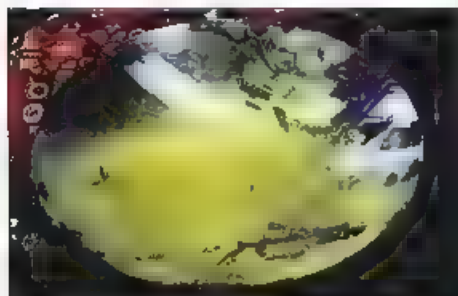
Unknown Hashmaker pours leaf cleaned of stems and ground into a flour onto the cloth. He rubs about three-quarters of an ounce at a time.



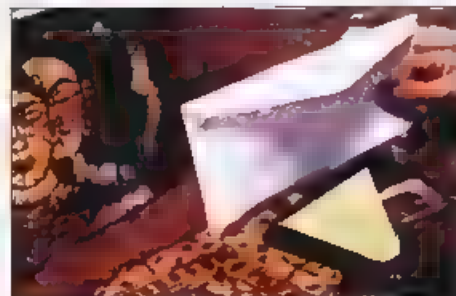
He rubs the grass against the cloth for a minute or two.



The concentrated powder drops through the cloth into the bowl.



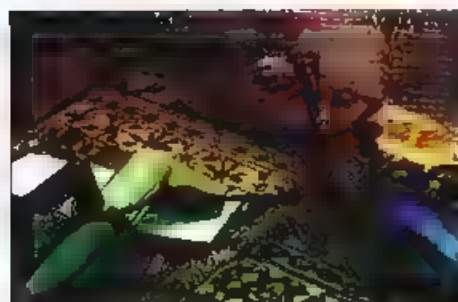
The hash powder is scraped from the bowl using a matchbook.



U.H. places hash powder in a No. 10 envelope and uses a clothes steamer to apply heat



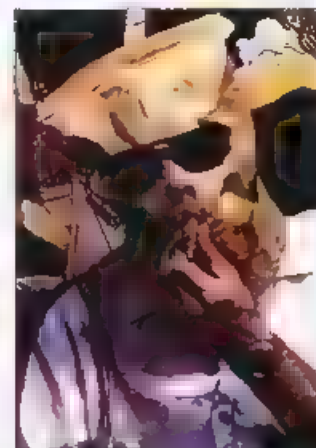
A small hand vise is then used to compress the hash powder.



Clothes steamer and small torch heat the grass and vise so that the hash powder will compress tighter.



Hash ready for aging.



The Unknown Hashmaker takes a well-deserved break.

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remember me if it comes to that... Vampire bats have probably sucked all the blood out of their balls and they died of anemia. It was common. Or they could have interbred with tapirs so far as to be unrecognizable..." Jack was stuttering. A bull alcoholic tenured prof with his guts in his hands.

Ariel took it with the calm of a prime-time anchorman on Valium. "S'not that bad... full pay... expenses... not to mention what you'll make from the book." The department-head stopped, pulled himself up to full department-head stature, "Not to mention the place you will earn in history. You'll not only be thought of as another Franz Boas, another what's that frog's name... a heresiarch of anthropology—"

"A fucking Rudolf Hess," mourned Jack

"Fatty," said Ariel, finally getting the hang of it, "could you bring Mr. Hess whatever he's about to get sick from?" The bartender shook the Datsun ad out of his head and made his cumbersome way over

Suddenly, overpoweringly compassionate Ariel leaned forward and put an arm over Jack's shoulder. "It's that or your job. They wouldn't take less. Really."

"Get your arm off," snarled Jack "Feels like a fuckin' Boas."

That's what you get for sitting on your ass for 10-plus years. Jack's book that had won him his tenure and gained him the coveted three letters Ph.D. had been like all good real-true stories—the result of a series of horrible accidents. *Unnamed Tribes* was a best-seller, unfortunately published by a university press, not the most coniferous stinking pinecone speed-bumped dump where he was teaching, but a real university, mention no names. But because it was published by a university press, he didn't see a hell of a lot of money. Some fame, though, and a lot of pubic hair. He had been on the J. Carson show years ago when the host still drank, and Jack had swiped the wives of several colleagues on the strength of his story about J.'s face when he described the spit and yucca cocktails served down there.

Doug Ariel had moved to the then-hot Christmas-tree-lot-like campus to be head of the Anthropology Department. So, because he liked Doug and Doug had been Jack's thesis adviser at the university, Jack went too. Jack got

tenure in four years—it would have taken 10 at the other place, and here Jack would succeed to the pissant throne of department head. However

How fucking ever

How fucking ever can you get.

Tenure in four years. Divorced in five, and if the wife had been on the ball he would have been divorced in two. The college proved underendowed, anthropology fell from grace and was thought of as a class to pick up credits for flipping through copies of *Geo.* and saying innocuous to complimentary things about savages who circumcised their daughters with shards of igneous rock and dreamt about immeasurable lizards dormant beneath houses constructed of stuff students were fined for for throwing out the windows of their cars. All because he was a bright guy. He had written *Unnamed Tribes*.

After picking up the coveted B.A. in the mid-'60s and being as affected as the rest with lethargic idealism that comes from being around a lot of other goons with B.A.'s, and not much to do but paint up a few protest signs and sign petitions, try and find a Negro to smoke pot with, Jack decided to do something. In his case it was "Help the poor people of Ecuador to help themselves." Ecuador's poor were just lucky. It might just as easily have been the poor of India had Jack had a classmate from India.

In which case Jack would have been disillusioned with exponential-type speed, there being more poor folk in India than you can shake a sign stapled to a broomstick at, even if you shook that sign for your whole life, which even Jack wasn't about to do.

Jack had a classmate from Ecuador, though, not India. So he went back to Ecuador to help the Ecuadorians to help themselves. Not so much the Ecuadorians, as his classmate's father defined them, who were well equipped with sunglasses and cars. But the other Ecuadorians. The ones who worked for his classmate's father and were not thought of as Ecuadorians at all except in a sophisticated legal sense similar to Anglo-Saxon concepts of property law. They were of Ecuadorian manufacture and had all the rights, privileges and responsibilities that under law would accrue say, to a garden trowel made in the United States.

His classmate Mickey Hostilo deserted him almost the minute they cleared customs, sticking Hostilo senior's rococo business card into Jack's sport-coat pocket and heading himself for whore territory after announcing his father and grandfather had worked hard to

build a business in a brutish twisted land and "I fucking well deserve a generation off"

Hostilo senior could have been in one of those little Plexiglass water-filled dioramas featuring Santa Claus with the snow whirling round when shaken up. Except he was a repulsive greaser tyrant who should have miniature clods of dirt eddying around because he was a dirt-bag and could've proved it to the satisfaction of a jury consisting solely of the kids he sired off his illegitimate daughters. But how was Jack to know. Sure, the man didn't look so good sitting there in the diorama office. But as an anthropology major Jack was not about to pull a fast judgment on a fellow just because he resembled a turd with a Rolex. So senior Hostilo offered him the opportunity to work amongst the people at one of the family's more distant plantations.

He took it.

It wasn't until several months later, after requesting a doctor for a horribly mutilated worker and suffering a sniper attack less than two hours afterwards, that he began to consider that perhaps his role as a scholar and a coward should be more objective. When, two minutes after mentioning to Hostilo senior the wild allegations of a feverish old man that he was owed 24 years' back pay, some \$37, his hut was set afire by masked men on horseback, he concluded that a more objective position was essential for unbiased comprehension.

Having gained what he felt was a full understanding of the folkways of the Ecuadorians, he made what in retrospect seemed an unpardonable blunder. He asked senior Hostilo for his wages. The next morning he found a dog he had developed some affection for nailed to the door of his hut—below two Spanish obscenities scrawled with the beast's blood.

Rather than try and beat it back through town where old man Hostilo seemed pretty popular, Jack decided to take the back door. East. Down the Amazon. Mules, Jesuit missionaries, mad characters out of Graham Greene novels. Any number of anguished spirit hermetic-grade guys who felt bad about everything was better than the risk of Quito and old man Hostilo. Especially since he stole his mule.

Jack had to steal the mule. The jeep had been firebombed after he picked up a giant bundle of sticks on the road one day—apparently under the sticks was an old woman. If you catch the fuckin' drift

Mules taking corners on two legs.

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"HARDCORE CALIFORNIA"

It was the '70s and MOR rock was narcotizing the music scene into somnambulance. But in L.A., Rodney B. was playing the new English sounds at his disco, and then the Damned came to town and suddenly words like "anarchy" and "nihilism" replaced "avocado" and "laid back." Could mohawks be far behind?





Ed Colver

The '60s and early '70s ended, and with them the particular musical style of the flower children and the Beats. But the new generation culled from their remains, added their own needs and—Punk was born. Herewith, spanning '77-'82, excerpts on the kids and groups who created the music of today.

The '70s had not been very kind to the state of rock 'n' roll in Los Angeles. Partly in reaction to the excess of the '60s, the '70s were a dull, bland period of insipid musical retreats. It was the time for big-business MOR (Middle of the Road) rock, lulling damaged souls to subservience. It wasn't a hell of a lot of fun. The only real movement that tried to chafe against and break this mold of submissive complacency was the glitter-rock cult that found a home in Rodney Bingenheimer's English Disco. It was trashy, fun, drugged-out Hollywood ersatz glamour. But, as can be expected from a music culture whose main drugs were downers, glitter finally passed out for the last time and the closure of Rodney's left a void.

If there is one person who has inadvertently kept the underground music spirit alive in L.A., it's the unlikely Mr Bingenheimer. The eternal teenager managed to wind up with a weekend radio show on the tiny, fledgling KROQ. It was an essential show for several reasons: one, Rodney played obscure English and New York stuff, giving local kids their first taste of bands like Blondie and the Ramones; two, Rodney would also play anything put out by local groups, and in those days (as now) this radio exposure was crucial to unsigned L.A. bands that had no place in the Linda Ronstadt/Led Zeppelin megabuck industry.

For a brief time KROQ had its own club, the Cabaret, giving new bands a place to play. Among those groups com-

ing up in the pre-'77 period were the original Motels, the Dogs, the Berlin Brats, the Zippers, New Order and the Pop. A fanzine from the South Bay *Back Door Man*, advocated total rock 'n' roll supremacy and gave these groups their first taste of media recognition. Many of the bands grouped together and made an essential statement by promoting their own concert event, "Radio Free Hollywood." This proved that an independent, local music scene could be created in the Hollywood of cocaine-snorting record execs.

May, 1977

The Damned came to town. By now English Punk was the prevailing trend. The Ramones-inspired leather jackets



Gary Leonard

Rodney Bingenheimer, KROQ deejay

were starting to sprout a profusion of safety pins. People still claimed the right to wear leopard spots and sunglasses (what could be more natural for Hollywood than '50s trash kitsch, which was literally created on Hollywood and Vine). But the New York Bowery/CBGB scene didn't fit the L.A. consciousness. It's fitting that Television played the same weekend as the Damned's visit. The schism between New York and England immediately became obvious, New York was too cool, too pseudointellectual, too boring for the California set. Kids in L.A. have no real physical center to hang out in. Everything is spread out in endless suburbs. There's a



York Berndt

Captain Sensible of the Damned

constant feeling of dislocation. Like driving a car, action is fast, flashy and primarily physical. Rodney was fueling the atmosphere up with doses of the Sex Pistols. The kids were charged up for the mad release English Punk promised.

As the Damned charged through the sloppy, intense, shambles of a set at the Starwood, the L.A. kids immediately picked up on the energy and the theatricality of the band. It was making them feel something. By the end of the Damned set, people looked around, some with a shock of recognition on their faces. Bonds were forming. The poseurs were being separated from the possessed.

Words like "anarchy" and "nihilism" started working their way into the vocabulary. While the Damned visited the Weirdos and crashed on the floor at the house of the Screemers, a new group who had yet to play a gig, a definite Punk core was forming. L.A. anarchists were not political activists. They weren't dealing with English economic oppression. L.A. Punks were instigating fashion anarchy and musical chaos as a way of striking back at the complacent, dull scene they had suffered for the last decade.

What was needed at this point was some kind of focus to put this energy in critical perspective. *Slash* magazine was started, featuring a Damned interview, and the focus was found.

One felt slightly out of it if they didn't

know what *Slash* was ranting about. The curious became intrigued to find those records or see those bands that *Slash* declared were the only true lights in an awfully dim world. It didn't matter if the *Screamers*, who had a pictorial in the first *Slash*, had never played a live show. If *Slash* said so, then the *Screamers* were it!

Debuting at a *Slash* party, the *Screamers* turned out to have a sound to back up their distinctive image. Using two synthesizers, drums and no guitar, this dissonantly modern combo was fronted by a hypnotically abrasive performer, Tomata Du Plenty, who created the perfect visual foil for the *Screamers'* ether-ward sounds of modern anxiety. Combining a European sense of stylish decadence with this week's stick-up hair, the *Screamers'* uncanny sense of fashion and sound made them an immediate L.A. original. The band was particularly masterful at playing the publicity game, so that every appearance by the group was a strategic event in a master plan only they seemed to know. Punk had barely started, but the hype machine was in full operation.

September, 1977

People had been intrigued by a short film that had turned up of an Ohio group called DEVO. Around September the band was flown out to L.A. by interested A&R people at A&M Records. The group played with the *Weirdos* and *Dils* at a seedy downtown ballroom called Myron's. Reaction to DEVO was decidedly mixed—a visually, musically distinctive combo, many kids were immediately enthralled by the de evolutionary spell, but other Punk punsts found the choppy rhythms and theatrical presentations calculated, gimmicky and disturbingly insincere.

Around the same time, NBC aired a late-night program on the English Punk scene which showed lots of footage of English kids "pogo" dancing.

The NBC executives will probably never realize what a crucial role they inadvertently played in the development of the California Punk scene. Suddenly kids were strangle-dancing and madly pogoing into each other at shows. It was done with a sense of self-deprecating humor. The new Punk kids, adorned in safety pins, bondage gear, monster makeup and dozens of buttons advertising their favorite group, were now madly bashing into each other. They threw beer cans at the *Weirdos'* heads and fell into bass drums, screaming and laughing as groups like the *Zeros*, a



Fear concert, 1982.

young Mexican quartet from San Diego, thundered songs like *Hand Grenade*, *Heart* or *Don't Push Me Around*. It was a small group—half the musicians would be in the audience before they played, and the common question after the gigs was "Where's the party?"

The next step was to find a permanent home for this burgeoning nonstop music party/revolution. A Scots-Irishman, Brendan Mullen, fell down some steps one drunken night and found an underground, cavernlike space that he quickly rented, named the Masque, and turned it into a rehearsal studio for the bands he had been following.

July, 1977

The band that made the biggest impact during the Masque days was the *Dickies*. Friends of the pre-Punk glitter-pop group, the *Quick*, the *Dickies* once claimed they got into Punk "because they couldn't play anything," although they were accomplished musicians. The band's first show caught everyone by surprise. Having followed a band called

the *Spastics* that were so awful that some Punks had turned a fire hose on them, the *Dickies* looked like normal suburban nerds. But when the band erupted in a tight, jackhammer, speed-of-light assault, playing goofball comedy Punk with a ferocious punch, the Masque exploded into frenzied dancing, bodies caroming off each other (such as the ever-inebriated Bobby Pyr). Dubbed the "Punk Monkees," the *Dickies* had a meteoric career rise.

At this point the Punk scene had become very inbred and cliquish. There was a lot of talk about who was a "poser" and who wasn't. Commitment and sincerity were essential, and one had to have Punk credibility to join the clan. In a way it was self-destructive protectiveness. Many kids who were eager to get into this new music felt rejected by the Hollywood 50, and even though there was always talk of how to make Punk break through the limited music-scene barriers, the in-crowd syndrome of the Punk scene kept it isolated. It was a private party, and if your hair

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LAW

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Tingle broke down finally and confessed everything.

"The relationship between a parent and child embodies a primordial and fundamental value of our society," droned Their Worships. "When law-enforcement officers deliberately prey upon the maternal instinct and inculcate fear in a mother that she will not see her child in order to elicit cooperation, they exert... Improper influence..." Conviction reversed

—California, 1982

SNITCH VS. SNITCH

Michael Green, busted for dope, promised the Georgia Bureau of Investigation that he could hook up some much bigger fish for them among his alleged contacts in the higher realms of narcotics peddling. The cops agreed, so Green hired an old dealing buddy named Shepard to infiltrate a drug company called Technichem and turn up evidence of evil-doing, by hook or by crook. But Shepard took so much time at it, without managing to turn up any dirt at all, that Green finally lost patience and ordered Shepard to just go plant some dope on the premises. Imagine Green's surprise to learn that his old buddy was now employed as an investigator for Technichem, and all this plotting was going down on tape. So, besides the original dope charges, Green now went up on conspiracy to obstruct justice, lying under oath and violating the civil rights of honest citizens. Green and his lawyers flimflammed their way to the ninth circuit by exploiting the Byzantine complexities of this one, but to no avail.

—Georgia, 1981

THE COWS MADE HIM DO IT

"You keep saying murdered, who got murdered, huh? Who got murdered, at least tell me that, who got murdered?"

Well, *somebody* got murdered by defendant Pederson here, everybody agreed, because he got convicted for it. But the guy insisted on being his own lawyer—despite a history of nuthouse incarcerations, dope use and "cattle mutilations"—and ultimately got himself off! Here's what he said about his own parents, for example, on the trial record

"Those queers... That's exactly what they are. Ain't that what you referred me to about twenty-five years ago? It

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INTERVIEW

/ continued from page 37

HIGH TIMES: How long?

ROSENTHAL: I went to Mexico for three weeks, a year ago, and I didn't smoke anything.

HIGH TIMES: You are doing a regular "Ask Ed" column for us. What's the single most common question that people ask you?

ROSENTHAL: "How can I tell a male from a female?"

HIGH TIMES: And how do you answer it—by pulling down their plants, ha-ha.

ROSENTHAL: Buy a *Growers Guide*. The pictures are right in the *Growers Guide*.

HIGH TIMES: You've just completed a Special Cultivation issue for us. What're the estimates on the number of people cultivating?

ROSENTHAL: Well, I have an interesting way of looking at it. You notice how many ads for cultivation equipment there are in *HIGH TIMES* every month over the past five years. And you realize how much those ads cost and how many lights have to be sold just to pay for the ad. And then you realize that there are a lot of people out there cultivating. And there are thousands of people buying lights every month.

HIGH TIMES: How do you see the marijuana-growing industry changing in the next ten, fifteen or twenty years? Do you think it's all going to become indoor growth? Assuming that the status of its illegality remains unchanged.

ROSENTHAL: More and more people will grow indoors.

HIGH TIMES: Can you get as good a product indoors?

ROSENTHAL: I am glad you brought that up. In most parts of the United States I think the indoors is better. Your own homegrown is better than any commercial because commercial growers have a different interest in mind than homegrowers. The commercial growers' interest is to put out as much product as possible over the shortest period of time. Homegrowers are growing for a different reason. They are growing to get the best. They grow to get their own stash. So they have a different motivation, they don't necessarily want to have the most quantity or the best yields or the earliest plants. In other words, a commercial grower might be able to have 120-day turnaround, while the

homegrower might be going on 150 to 180 days.

In order to get the really true connoisseur grades, you know, the sinsemilla Colombian hybrid or a sinsemilla Thai or most of the Africans—those plants take longer than the Afghanis and the Kushes. So I see more people growing indoors and I think more and more people are going to say, "I don't want this Afghani."

HIGH TIMES: What's the story on ruderalis? Is there really any in the United States?

ROSENTHAL: I haven't seen it, and Shultes described a short plant with low branches... eighteen to twenty-four inches high with no THC in it. That wouldn't be a pleasant smoke.

HIGH TIMES: But wouldn't it be possible for commercial growers to hybridize it because its life cycle is over in ten weeks?

ROSENTHAL: If you were able to hybridize some hotshot indica with ruderalis it would theoretically bring in a crop in a few months or so. Well, I have dealt with Moroccan weed. And that comes in in late August.

HIGH TIMES: Remember the *Rolling Stone* article about a year ago that talked about a whole generation who smoked in the late '60s and now we're in the '80s and they have stopped smoking. You are somebody who started smoking in the '60s and then continued smoking to this day. Was that hype or do you think that there was a significant drop, and why?

ROSENTHAL: Well, I think there are a lot of explosive articles about the '60s generation. For instance, I found out why the guy killed himself in the *Big Chill*. It was because he couldn't stand his friends anymore.

And the reason why that woman in *Rolling Stone* doesn't smoke is because she's not getting good stuff, and the reason she's not getting good stuff is... well, I don't want to get into that. But I presume that that's part of it. But I think that drug use naturally slows down as people hit middle age.

HIGH TIMES: Do you see the day, or do you ever foresee the day that you might just stop smoking? Outgrow it?

ROSENTHAL: I don't know, anything could happen. I haven't got religion yet.

HIGH TIMES: Have you been thinking about religion?

ROSENTHAL: I have been. I've been thinking lately about life and death. Do you go to heaven or hell or is it more complex than that. But I'll tell you, when I die, I just want to be com-post. Then I'll be happy for eternity. □

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mules, mules biting you on the ass when you're soaking wet and leaning over a pathetic little gas stove. Mules who shake your three or four possessions off their backs in spaces you wouldn't shiver in for fear of falling. Mules who boot the possessions down a gulch and you listen to hear the picture of your girlfriend break on the rocks, and listen, and listen and listen forever but you never hear it. Not because it's so far down, but because the mule kicks you in the head while you're listening and knocks you cold and over the cliff. It isn't until a few years later that poor Jack discovers that his girlfriend whose picture he listened for cracking was getting married about that time to a guy whose father ran credit-card pyramid schemes offering 10 percent discounts for people willing to pay the 20 percent surcharge on purchases. But back to mules. Mules who piss out camp fires. Mules who salivate green on your face when you're half asleep and bray when you wake gasping. Mules. Jack, if he weren't a science man and all, thought they acted damn near human.

Beyond where even mules would go there were Jesuits. Far in the headwaters of the Amazon. The craziest men of an erudite order. Twisted scholars who had it in for popes dead as dead as the mad priest's incisors, gray green and untreatable. Weird old farts carrying torches for deconsecrated saints and unfashionable heresies; guys Graham Greene wouldn't stoop to write about, men who blew mass on the thigh bones of monkeys and thought it their duty to accommodate the sex urges of the two alcoholics in rags sent out from the hell of the Ecuadorian capital as young men of 10 and told to maintain order amongst the clotting vegetation, the macaws and the missionaries. Half-human militia stupid enough to stay where they were sent, fuck priests and blow macaws off branches with ammunition as old and erratic as their memories of life in Quito.

Smart guys. And beyond the Jesuits and the soldiers? *Jivaros*. Means savages in Spanish. That's what the Jesuits and soldiers called them. And if they called them savages, Jack reasoned, they're probably just semicivilized compared to the demented isolation-maddened priests and military. Maybe they would cut your head off and piss down your trachea—but more likely it was a wish-fulfillment fantasy of the utterly forsaken spic GI's and their jungle chap-

lain lover

Jivaros. It was a couple of weeks before Jack met them. He'd been floating log back for the previous week, ever since a tapir, which looks deceptively like an ugly Irish setter but is in fact an aquatic relative of the rhino with the brains and eyesight thereof, well, ever since a panicked tapir blasted for the river and jumped in Jack's canoe, which made it into two half canoes, utterly useless except as a fractional concept—since then Jack was riding log back.

When he met his first *Jivaro*, Jack did not think of him in exact transliteral terms. He did not think a savage. The linguistic part of his head may have been somewhat deadened by tree sap, which, because it was white, he thought might be digestible when the branching from which the white stuff was oozing floated by the log he was on. The secretion proved "totally nonlacteal" as he said in *Unnamed Tribe*, and was probably raw rubber, and what he meant was, it wasn't milk. The anecdote served to describe the state of mind of a future prof at a shutball northwestern U, or college. So far gone was this man on a log in the middle of a minor tributary of the world's largest river that he mistook poisonous hallucinogenic sap for milk. Who would want a fool like that teaching their kids. And no wonder his wife dumped him.

In any case, after three hours of vomiting and clinging to the log, Jack saw his first *Jivaro*. As mentioned, he did not think of the man as a savage. He mistook him for a monkey.

The young anthropologist memory of the succeeding events is as he said in *Unnamed Tribe*, "imprecise." Jack awakened some days later in the *Jivara*. This is another Spanish term which signifies village or hutment, but the insulting ending suggestive of a garbage dump of *Jivaros* is a mystery to scholars, especially coming from the Spanish, who were given architecture by the Moors, language by the Romans, weapons by the Germans and ethics by Dominican monks.¹

But the *Jivaros* were worse. Since he'd seen them and written the book, Jack had been married, divorced and drank too much. He hadn't gotten any better. Why should they? □

¹Footnote on Spanish. They have for years looked for spiritual guidance to murdered virgins.

NEXT MONTH: Conclusion

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ASK ED

/ continued from page 55

some good sinse growing and it's overrun with these little pests.

—D.M.

Hamburg, N.Y.

If the plants are in a prebudding stage, you can eliminate the whiteflies by spraying the plants with a dilute solution of plant-oil spray [available at local nurseries]. This coats the leaves with a thin, nontoxic oil and suffocates the pests. Oil sprays are not recommended after budding because a residue of oil will remain. Safer's Insecticidal Soap, which contains the fatty diglycerides of soap, is also an effective spray at a dilution rate of 50-100 parts of water to one-part soap. Dissolved at these rates, plain soap or Dr. Bronner's can also be used. Soap sprays are much safer than other insecticides because they have no effect on the human central nervous system. Pyrethrum and pyrethrum-rotenone sprays are also available. These are believed to be harmless to warm-blooded animals. They are labeled as safe to use within 24 hours of harvest, and they biodegrade quickly.

Whiteflies are attracted to shades of the color yellow. There are boards printed in this color, available at nurseries. They can be used as traps by coating them with a sticky substance such as oil or petroleum jelly. The whiteflies land on the card and are stuck. The cards are wiped off and reoiled occasionally.

There is also a whitefly parasite, *Encarsia formosa*, which is specific to whiteflies and virtually eliminates them over a period of time.

The soap and insecticidal sprays are available at local nurseries or mail-order houses. The parasites are available from Rincon-Vitova Insectaries, P.O. Box 95, Oakview, CA 93022, (805) 643-5407.

Dear Ed,

In The Anarchist Cookbook I recently read of a type of marijuana called "New York White," which is supposed to grow in large amounts in the sewers of New York. These plants are supposed to be about twelve feet tall and are bleached white in color due to lack of sunlight. They are said to be responsible for poor drainage and flooding in the city. It all sounds like bullshit to me. What do you think?

I have another question. I have often read that marijuana is a common-problem weed. It is accused of taking over un-

kempt fields and vacant lots. I wish I had such problems. I have searched many fields and all through the woods without any luck. Do you have any explanations?

—Big Boy

Baton Rouge, La.

Green plants carry on their life processes by using the energy from the sun to produce sugars from carbon dioxide, which is found in the air and water. Without light the plants cannot produce sugar and they die. There are some plants, such as yeast and fungi, which live by utilizing sugars and other organic matter produced by other organisms. But marijuana and other green plants cannot function that way. I have heard rumors of New York White for many years. Whenever I have tried to trace back the rumor, I was unable to locate anyone who actually claimed to have seen or smoked the stuff. I think it's a hoax.

Marijuana is a common weed, but only in places where it is already established, which can seed nearby disturbed areas. In the United States these areas are found primarily in the Midwest.

Dear Ed,

What kind of metal halide bulb is best for growing, phosphorus-coated or clear? A lighting dealer told me coated bulbs are made for plants, but a grower tells me coated bulbs just filter out parts of the spectrum.

—Big B

Madera, Calif.

The grower was right. The coating filters the light and lowers the total number of lumens that the lamp delivers. I recommend clear.

For future research I am interested in any newspaper or magazine articles that you may come across regarding marijuana, including busts, statements by individuals or officials, and health comments. I am compiling information regarding small and large publications. Thanks in advance for your help.

—Ed

Ed welcomes questions, answers, comments and tips regarding marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Correspondents and photographers whose material is used will receive a free copy of Marijuana Growers Guide, deluxe edition.

Your garden, plant or bud can become the Grow American Garden, Plant or Bud of the Month. Send entries to "Ask Ed," HIGH TIMES Magazine, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

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DAMNED

/ continued from page 43

new coats and headpieces. They looked almost respectable except for their red, unshaven faces. On the first floor they mixed with the crowd. There were police at the doors. They were letting people out but keeping them from entering.

Tom had stolen a handful of cigars. He handed one to Max.

"Here, light up... Try to look respectable."

Tom lit a cigar of his own.

"Now, let's see if we can get out of here."

"Think we can fool them, Tom?"

"I dunno. Try to look like a broker or a doctor—"

"What do they look like?"

"Satisfied and stupid."

They moved toward the exit doors. There was no problem. They were guided out with some others. Outside, they heard gunfire. They looked up at the building. Flames were spurting and waving from the upper windows. Soon they heard the approaching fire sirens.

They turned south and walked back toward skid row

That night they were two of the best-dressed burns in the flophouse. Max had even stolen a watch, its hands glowed in the dark. The night was just beginning. They stretched out on their cots as the snoring began.

It was a full house again in spite of the absence of most of the men who had entered Bowarms with them. There were always enough burns to fill any vacancy caused by anything.

Tom took out two cigars, passed one to Max. They lit up and smoked quietly for a while. After a few minutes, Tom spoke

"Hey, Max."

"Yeah?"

"That wasn't the way I meant it to be."

"I know. It's all right."

The snoring was gradually getting louder. Tom pulled the new fifth of wine from under his pillow. He uncapped it, took a hit.

"Max?"

"Yeah?"

"Drink?"

"Sure."

Tom passed the bottle. Max took the hit, passed it back.

"Thanks."

Tom slipped the bottle back under his pillow.

It was muscatel. □

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SMOKE

/ continued from page 40

Then, when I finished blessing those I loved, I found myself blessing those I didn't love. Those I hated. My "enemies." And I understood what it means to "love thy enemy." In that blessed state of mind it wasn't difficult. It was impossible not to. And so I prayed for them, too.

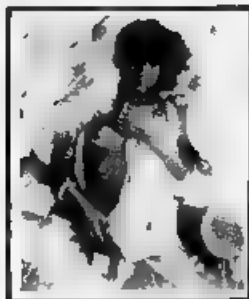
And thus I understood at last what prayer was about. It wasn't asking for things for yourself. It wasn't protecting yourself. It was conferring blessings on others. It was experiencing fully the blessedness of existence, the perfusion of radiant love that poured into being once the self got out of the way. It's the ultimate high.

It doesn't happen to me all the time. It doesn't happen every day. It almost always happens to me after running five or 10 miles, burning away the stupid limiting static of shortsighted self-absorption. But once I had that breakthrough up there I didn't have to lose myself in the woods to find the power to bless. I don't think it's something you do from summoning up willpower. It's something you *can't help doing* once the doors of perception are cleansed and you see the trembling world of being under the aspect of perfection.

In the past, getting high had been a kind of *absorbent* experience. I'd suck in some smoke, or ingest some psychedelic, and then absorb all the wonder, beauty and delight in the perceptual field. Devour it, sate myself, and then sink down exhausted. But in that new state of blessedness that I discovered up there, one does not merely *take in* the radiant wonder of it all—one is able to radiate that energy back out, to bless, to love, to pray for others. Prayer is, finally, a kind of radiance.

I never thought I'd find myself saying this in the cannabis Connoisseur column, but I think all my readers and followers ought to give it a try. Get high—I recommend long-distance running as a shortcut to that special state. Or smoke a little if you have to. Maybe put on a certain piece of music that does it for you. Clapton's "Let It Rain" or "Let It Grow." Bob Marley. Burning Spear. The Rastas know about getting high and prayer. Then, just open yourself up to the radiance and let it start beaming back upon those you love. And then on those you hate. If you can do that you've got it down right. And, I don't want to sound selfish, but—say a little prayer for me. Bless you. □

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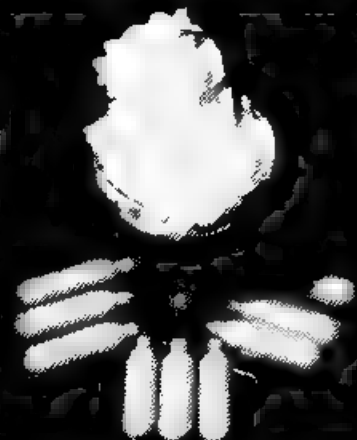
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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

THE AIRPORT HASSLE, CONTINUED

by Bob LaBrasca with commentary from the irrepressible Michael Stepanian, Esq.

EARLY READERS OF LAST MONTH'S COLUMN on the "drug courier profile" felt there was something missing in our hypothetical encounter with an airport narc. They wanted to know exactly what sort of interrogation could be expected from a cop who waylays people for questioning, and how travelers could avoid having their bags rummaged through willy-nilly.

The answer, in a way, is quite simple: The gumshoe who wants to ransack your satchel will try to gain one of two things, your consent, or probable cause to believe you are committing a crime. If you avoid presenting him with either of these, he cannot legitimately invade your private effects.

On the other hand, volumes of case law have been written on the concepts of "consent" and "probable cause"—that's one of the reasons why this column will never put any lawyers out of business—and it is in the context of the perpetually shifting complexities enumerated in those volumes that the psychodrama between narc and "target" takes place. What follows, then, is an outrageously general outline of how the confrontation goes down:

Once the narc has picked you out as a target for questioning, his first objective is to catch you in a lie. He'll probably ask you to produce identification and want to know where you're coming from, how long you stayed, whether you're traveling alone or with somebody, and so on. He'll know most of the answers, courtesy of the airline computer; and if anything you say doesn't jibe with his information, he'll tell you he knows you're lying—maybe not out loud, but with his narrowing eyes or a succession of probing, prodding questions calculated to short-circuit your nervous system and your composure.

A lie, any lie, gives him the advantage, because it sets your mind to scrambling for explanations. The encounter can continue for endless minutes as he pokes his questions into your queasy guts—and you try to stay sharp while

fighting back fantasies of years in the gray slammer being bugged by giant, hairy criminals. A lot of folks break under the strain.

Bruce Maloy and Al Horn run an active criminal/drug practice in Atlanta, home turf of the DEA's most legendary airport narc, Paul Markonni. Maloy recalls that a number of his clients have "sort of blown it" in the Atlanta terminal. "There are instances where people have run from Markonni," says Maloy, "or tried to knock him down and go fleeing from the airport on foot—which is a joke. Or they say things like, 'You've got me now' or 'Boy, I'm in trouble.' Incriminating statements can be made."

Maloy recounts Markonni's testimony on the subtleties of his observations: "He'll say, 'His hands were shaking' or 'His breathing was visibly affected.' He's run that last phrase in maybe half a dozen cases now. That's extremely subjective and hard to disprove."

But Markonni and his ilk must tread a narrow line: If they are reasonably suspicious of you, they can ask their questions and engage in a little psychological gamesmanship; but, in the absence of your consent, they need probable cause to search your belongings or make an arrest. And even your consent means nothing if it is preceded by a "de facto" arrest. This gets mighty technical, but basically it works like this: If you "reasonably believe" you are not "free to go," you are under arrest; and an arrested person cannot refuse to be searched, so the consent of an arrested person is no consent at all.

So to avoid having evidence thrown out of court later, the narcs must avoid blocking your path, restricting your movement, etc. Maloy observes, "Markonni admits that he changes some of his methods of operation in response to some of the appellate decisions. For instance, he's testified that he makes a point of never having both somebody's ticket and driver's license. He doesn't want to get caught again in a situation

of having de facto arrested somebody by having custody of both their ticket and their license at the same time."

There's a problem with information like this, though: Unless you happen to follow the most current precedents of law, you're almost certain to know less about the rules of the game than cops like agent Markonni do.

Here's some hard advice, then, from San Francisco attorney Mike Stepanian, who used to write the HIGH TIMES legal column (and keeps threatening to do so again someday). He said it all in about two minutes from a pay phone in a hotel in Aspen, Colorado:

"You never consent. You never go with them to their law-enforcement area within the airport.

"Nervousness, movement towards a bag to attempt to surreptitiously hide it in some way, locking it, throwing a key away, throwing away the actual object to be searched—abandonment. All very bad. Always admit the luggage is yours so that you can create a right of privacy: 'Whose luggage is this?' 'It's not mine.' *Bang!* You lose your right of privacy.

"Keep away from the law-enforcement area, because when they bring you to the law-enforcement area, the dogs are gonna be there. That's what the trip is—the dogs, the dogs.

"Don't make movements. Don't sweat. Don't be evasive. Don't give a wrong answer about where you have come from. Be cool. Be natural. Be composed. Don't consent.

"Don't get into arguments, although there are some guys I like who would say, 'Get the fuck away from me and gimme my bag, and you get the fuck outta here!' If you're that kind of guy, that works too. Don't be that submissive. Be firm: 'I-do-not-wish-to-go-with-you-to-the-area.'

"Ask why they are detaining you. Ask 'em, 'Why am I being stopped?' 'Why am I here?' Keep witnesses around: 'Madam, would you stand here for a moment? I'm being confronted.' Boom!

"How's that?" □

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LAW

/ continued from page 70

was a queer in town somewhere, and she hauled me in and now he's upstairs pressing service calls on soybeans instead of cows. And every one of my cows are gone, too. And now all my soybeans are gone, 'cause I'm in here and I'm getting a strip-spray soak-down for my soybeans, and I got a finger-bang fuck for my cows..."

Their Worships reversed the conviction on the grounds that the poor guy was "unable to assist effectively in his defense."

—Iowa, 1982

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When a rape victim has to describe the particularly intimate and gruesome particulars of the experience, and it's sure to cause her great anguish to do so in public, it's perfectly permissible for the judge to clear the courtroom of all nonessential observers (including the victim's family) for as long as it takes. This will not cause a reversal of conviction on appeal, as it in no wise impairs any rapist's right to a public trial.

—New York, 1982

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Kinison turned state's evidence on his two codefendants after the trial had already been in session for five days, and Kinison had sat in on all the pretrial strategy sessions with everyone's defense attorneys. The two other guys appealed their resulting convictions on the ground that Kinison had effectively eavesdropped on their lawyers, and so his subsequent testimony against them violated their rights to lawyer-client confidentiality.

Their Worships disagreed. As long as Kinison didn't present any substantial testimony derived from those pretrial strategy sessions, it was perfectly cool for him to turn over on them, right in the middle of the trial, and peach on them to his heart's content.

—Georgia, 1982

ON THE NOD

In this case, editor Pat Bishop's unadorned abstract of the facts at issue is the single funniest way to put it:

"Prosecutor's reference to defendant during his first-degree murder trial that 'he's asleep' did not constitute a comment on defendant's refusal to testify since he (apparently) was asleep at the time."

—Florida, 1982



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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

FORTY-SECOND OF A MONTHLY SERIES

527 DRUG ABUSE FOUND IN MEDICAL TRAINING

The problem of drug abuse in the medical professions was dramatically underlined yesterday with the first published national survey of drug use within a single specialty.

The survey, published yesterday in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, was made among doctors and nurses training in the specialty of anesthesiology as well as their instructors.

It found that over a 10-year period almost three quarters of the anesthesiology training programs that responded to the survey had "at least one suspected" case of drug dependence among students or instructors. The researchers wrote that they had been surprised to learn that the problem was most prevalent among the older anesthesiologists, the instructors.

Some hospitals had more than five cases. Of the total of 334 confirmed or suspected cases of drug dependence among doctors or nurses, 30 deaths were attributed to drug overdoses.

The researchers from the University of California's San Diego Medical Center said they knew of only a few "mishaps" among patients that could be attributed to the drug dependency problems of doctors and nurses.

New York Times,
Aug. 19, 1983

528 SOME OF THE CHANGES HAVE been ushered in by the Socialist Government of Prime Minister Felipe González, voted into office a year ago. Convinced that Spain's moral code was anachronistic in imposing heavy penalties for crimes not recognized as crimes elsewhere, the Government has passed legislation to liberalize the penal code.

The liberalization began with an earlier regime, which legalized divorce. But the Socialists speeded up the process considerably. Among other things, Parliament has enacted bills to legalize sex changes, permit sterilization and, most significantly, to legalize abortion in therapeutic cases.

Most striking of all was a bill approved last April that legalized the possession of drugs, even hard drugs, including heroin, as long as they were held in small quantities

and for personal consumption. In effect, Spain went in a single stroke from having one of the harshest drug laws in Europe to one of the most liberal.

Penalties remain for people trafficking in drugs—up to six months for soft drugs and from six years to 12 years for hard drugs. But some international drug experts believe these will not prove a sufficient deterrent to major dealers. They predict a shift in the pattern of European drug traffic, with Spain replacing the Netherlands as a prime distribution center.

New York Times,
Nov. 7, 1983

529 I DON'T HAVE A drinking problem.

I drink
I get drunk.
I fall down
No problem.

T-shirt inscription,
1982

530 SEX ADDICTION'S AS DANGEROUS AS A DEPENDENCY ON DRUGS OR BOOZE

Just as the drug user must shoot up and the alcoholic must drink, there is another type of addict who must have a "fix" to get through the day—the sex addict!

That's the shocking revelation made by Patrick Carnes, author of "The Sexual Addiction" (CompCare Pub. \$8.95) director of a counseling center in Minneapolis, Minn.

Carnes said sex addicts lead double lives, appearing normal to their families, on the job or at school until their addiction overwhelms them.

Though they are deeply ashamed by their wanton behavior, they are powerless to stop it.

The sex addict's behavior may include masturbation, multiple sexual relations, prostitution, homosexuality, use of pornography, indecent telephone calls, exhibitionism, voyeurism, child molesting and incest.

The sex addict, according to Carnes, is the man who spends his last dollars to procure the services of a prostitute, even though his child needs a pair of shoes.

Or she is the woman whose job of plan-

ning seminars, conferences and workshops serves as a cover for her one-night stands with men in every city she visits.

Carnes' treatment is similar to the Alcoholics Anonymous program and features its 12 steps to recovery adapted for sex addicts.

His program is offered in Sex Addicts Anonymous and Sexual Abuse Anonymous, located in the St. Paul-Minneapolis area.

Weekly World News,
Nov. 8, 1983

531 VALIUM LOSES ITS POPULARITY IN USA

Valium, once the USA's most widely used prescription drug, has declined dramatically in use over the past few years, the drug's manufacturer says.

At a peak in the mid-1970's, prescriptions for Valium were up to 61 million, according to Roche Laboratories, which makes the drug. They are now down to 25 million.

The reasons:

■ Competition over the years from at least half a dozen other makers of mild tranquilizers

■ Negative publicity about possible addiction, and bad jokes about the drug, which have caused people to shy away from it.

"The decline is stabilizing now," says Roche spokesman John Doorley, "but sales have been well above what they are now."

Valium's bad usage has also affected sales of other mild tranquilizers. Figures for new prescriptions and refills for all tranquilizers have been "virtually flat" since 1981, industry sources say. And since 1976 prescriptions for tranquilizers have dropped by 30 percent, according to the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

Dr. David J. Greenblatt of the Pharmacology Department of the New England Medical Center in Boston says doctors have become more conservative in prescribing Valium because of the public wariness.

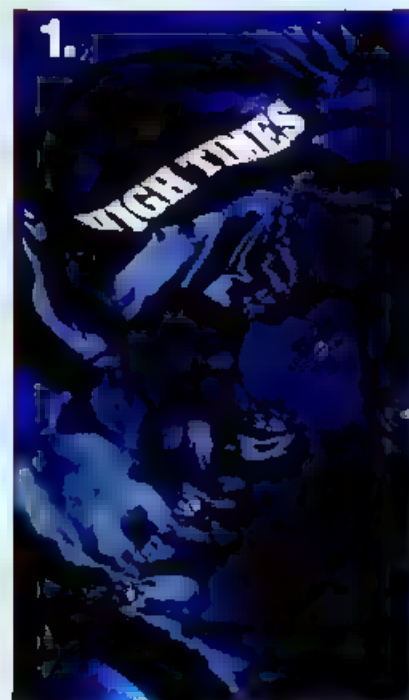
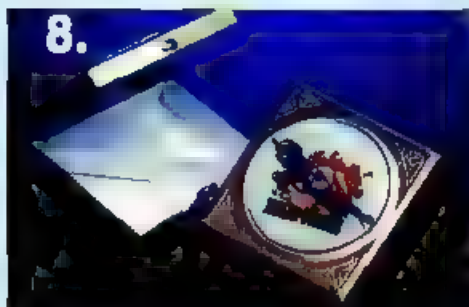
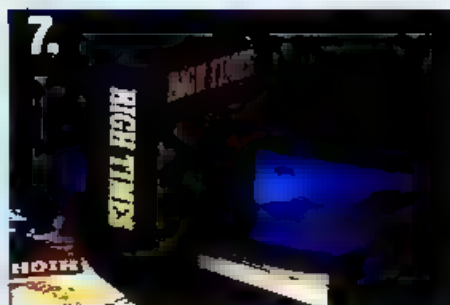
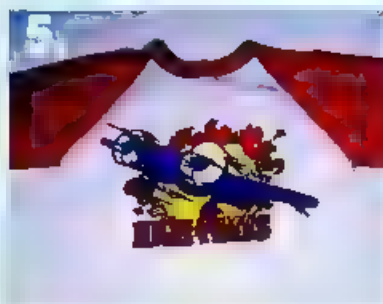
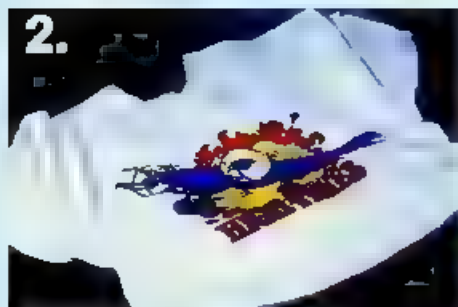
USA Today,
Oct. 11, 1983

532 SO MUCH PIPE AND SO LITTLE TIME
sweatshirt inscription,
Greenwich Village,
New York City, 1983

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THE YEAR OF REVIEWING FELICITOUSLY

1983 turned out to be a vintage year for films both domestic and foreign. And now that the Oscars have come and gone and Hollywood has wound down to its normal self-promoting frenetic screech, we'd like to present you with our favorite films of the past year.

Something strange happened to me in 1983: I began to get excited about movies again—not just the movies I caught in the revival houses, but the new movies, the recent releases, both foreign and domestic. Suddenly, for the first time in years, American directors—the ones locked to the studio system as well as the ones struggling in “independence”—began, here and there, to take chances, explode boundaries, reach out... even overreach. On balance, 1983 struck me as a very good year for American and English-language films (an even better one for foreign-language films)—the best, in fact, since 1975 (before the Carter administration, in a fit of misdirected moralism, axed the tax shelter that had helped finance independent films).

Ever since then, it's seemed to me—despite the accidents of excellence that burst out of any swamp, however rotten—we've been in a slough of cinematic despond. It's been a period when most of the industry seemed to be struggling mightily to construct the movie equivalent of a \$30-million traveling flea circus.

But 1983 was different. It may not have been—compared with 1925, 1932, 1938-'42 (Hollywood's all-time peak years), 1946, 1958-'60 or 1974-'75—one of the truly vintage years; but I was surprised at the number of movies that really moved me this year—that seemed good, offbeat, provocative, handled with some skill and depth. This was a year when Elia Kazan received a Kennedy Center Award from the Reagans (irony, irony... it would be better if he were still making films); when Robert Aldrich, R. W. Fassbinder and George Cukor died; Ingmar Bergman announced

his “retirement”; Sam Peckinpah came back, and Sam Fuller made an “unreleasable” film (*White Dog*). It was also the era of the MTV musical (*Flashdance*), the “New Left” comedy (*The Big Chill*), the sitcom in excelsis (*Terms of Endearment*, the likely 1984 Oscar winner) and all the following, some of which were loved, some of which were hated, but which, taken as a group, as one year's output, amazed me.

This was a good year, or, at the very least, an eccentric and startling one, and I suspect that if you can't find something on the following lists to get excited about, you may have gotten soured on movies for good and all.

1. *Rumble Fish* (D-Sc: Francis Ford Coppola. With Matt Dillon, Mickey Rourke, Dennis Hopper, Diana Scarwid, Tom Waits)—In some twisted region of Tulsa, Oklahoma, or the Netherworld—where clouds race by in the sky, where the streets are bone white and full of menace, where smoke and mist plume out of every street and sidewalk, where the street kids talk in a queer mix of jive, profanity and poetry—there is a pet store crammed with birds, cats, marsupials and fish. The fish flash and whirl in their tanks, gold and tawny red-yellow, the only bursts of color in this monochrome slum. They are the rumble fish, who exist only to kill each other. Put a rumble fish before its mirror image and it will attack that image and crush itself dead against the glass. Like the kids outside, like their parents, like the cops, like the world racing by in its savage, snapshot stillness.

Coppola's *Rumble Fish* is the third

film in a series from the Tulsa teenage novels of S. E. Hinton (she appeared in *Tex* as a teacher; here she's a hooker), all starring Matt Dillon—a series that, from a relatively transparent beginning, has become thoroughly bizarre and disturbing. Cinematically, it is gaudy beyond belief: a super film noir shot two and a half decades after the genre collapsed, a black and white movie with shadows upon shadows, skewed angles in almost every shot, huge clocks without hands looming out white and doom-laden in empty streets, “spirits” floating ethereally in the sky away from their battered, earthbound bodies. This may indeed be a mad, cocaine-addled film, as many claimed. In it you feel a kind of desperation, a feverish intensity, a lust to stretch expression to the limit, to scream and cry where most people talk calmly or even whisper. In the sense of crossing boundaries, though, Coppola has never gone farther than *Rumble Fish*. It is a film that will look just as startling 20 years from now as it does today.

2. *Britannia Hospital* (British) (D: Lindsay Anderson. Sc: David Sherwin. With Malcolm McDowell, Joan Plowright, Graham Crowden)—Just to show I don't hold grudges, that I'm overflowing with beneficence and goodwill—even to those who've done me dirt—I'm awarding second place to Lindsay Anderson, and the third movie in his and David Sherwin's *If/0 Lucky Man* trilogy. This, despite the fact that Anderson trashed me all over the place in his recent book, *About John Ford*, repeatedly attacking me (and Joe McBride and our

much-admired monograph on Ford from years and years ago] for no better reason, apparently, than that we liked *The Searchers* and he didn't. Ah, Lindsay. But then, if you weren't so angry and slashing and committed, you probably wouldn't be able to make beautiful films like this one. So I'll forgive you, just this once.

3. *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence* (D-Sc: Nagisa Oshima. Co-Sc: Paul Mayersberg)—Withering. As if not David Lean, but Akira Kurosawa had shot *Bridge over the River Kwai*—and kept the *Britisher's* point of view. An antiwar classic, with a cast that included Britain's and Japan's leading rock stars David Bowie and Ryuichi Sakamoto as opposing officers, locked in a homoerotic death embrace. They were mesmerizing, and, as their "witnesses," Tom Conti and Takeshi were quiet, perfect, wounding. Nagisa Oshima (*Death by Hanging, In the Realm of the Senses*) apparently has more surprises in his bag

than anyone can keep track of.

4. *Local Hero* (D-Sc: Bill Forsyth. With Peter Riegert and Burt Lancaster)—A sort of hip, semi-*Brigadoonish* fairy tale about a coastal Scottish village—full of rough lyricism and rural magic, the sea watching over it all—that defeats an American oil company's planned exploitations. Full of mermaids, crackpots and a kind of spiritualized slapstick: a delicious film, truly beguiling, perhaps the year's most refreshing two hours.

5. *Zelig* (D-Sc: Woody Allen. Cam: Gordon Willis. With Woody Allen and Mia Farrow)—An exuberant, brilliant little toy of a film. Woody's parodied pseudo-PBS documentary about a human chameleon from the '20s, so "blank" a personality that he becomes whom-ever he's next to. Even if—unlike me—you're not ready to believe Allen is a genius who can pull off anything he attempts, it's hard not to assign that description to his cameraman, Gordon

Willis, who pulls off everything he attempts here, and more.

6. *The Grey Fox* (D: Phillip Borsos. With Richard Farnsworth, Jackie Burroughs)—After a half-lifetime in San Quentin, sexagenarian Bill Miner is released into the America of the early 1900s. Around him is a strange land of intoxicating beauty, weird mechanization, vanishing frontiers and the threats and chains of law and order. From Coppola's *Zoetrope* this was a real surprise: elegiac, grave, lovingly photographed [in the Pacific Northwest and British Columbia], full of profound and understated emotion—a great Western in a time when they are rarely even attempted.

7. *The Right Stuff* (D-Sc: Philip Kaufman. Cam: Caleb Deschanel. With Sam Shepard, Ed Harris, Dennis Quaid, Fred Ward)—I missed this one at first, like a lot of people, because John Glenn bores me stiff and the *Time-People-Newsweek* hype on the movie bored me

MOVIES OF THE YEAR

ENGLISH LANGUAGE:

1. RUMBLE FISH (Francis Coppola)
2. BRITANNIA HOSPITAL (Lindsay Anderson)
3. MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. LAWRENCE (Nagisa Oshima)
4. LOCAL HERO (Bill Forsyth)
5. ZELIG (Woody Allen)
6. THE RIGHT STUFF (Philip Kaufman)
7. DANIEL (Sidney Lumet)
8. THE STATE OF THINGS (Wim Wenders)
9. STREAMERS (Robert Altman)
10. TERMS OF ENDEARMENT (James Brooks)
11. VIDEO DROME (David Cronenberg)
12. NEVER CRY WOLF (Carroll Ballard)

FOREIGN LANGUAGE:

1. FANNY AND ALEXANDER (Swedish) (Ingmar Bergman)
2. BERLIN ALEXANDERPLATZ (W. German) (Rainer Werner Fassbinder)
3. NOSTALGIA (Italian Russian) (Andrei Tarkovsky)
4. L'ARGENT (French) (Robert Bresson)
5. WAYS IN THE NIGHT (Polish-W. German) (Krzysztof Zanussi)
6. ENJANA IKA (Japanese) (Shohei Imamura)
7. PASSION (French) (Jean-Luc Godard)
8. LA TRUITE (French) (Joseph Losey)
9. LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES (French) (Alain Resnais)
10. JEANNE DIELMAN (Belgian) (Chantal Ackerman)
11. PAULINE AT THE BEACH (French) (Eric Rohmer)
12. THE NIGHT OF THE SHOOTING STARS (Italian) (Paolo & Vittorio Taviani)
13. DANTON (French-Polish) (Andrzej Wajda)
14. QUERELLE (W. German) (Rainer Werner Fassbinder)

RUNNERS-UP: THE MAN WHO LOVED WOMEN (Edwards), TALES OF ORDINARY MADNESS (Ferreri), TENDER MERCIÉS (Beresford), THE OUTSIDERS (Coppola), HEART LIKE A WHEEL (Kaplan), THE TWILIGHT ZONE (Landau-Spielberg-Dante-Miller), THE KING OF COMEDY (Scorsese), WILD STYLE (Ahearn), THE MEANING OF LIFE (Gilliam), THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY (Weir), SILKWOOD (Nichols), KOYAANISQATSI (Reggio), THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT (Greenaway), OUT OF THE BLUE (Hopper), BREATHLESS (McBride)

ENGLISH LANGUAGE INDIVIDUAL BESTS:

DIRECTOR: FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA (*The Outsiders, Rumble Fish*). **ACTOR:** BEN GAZZARA (*Tales of Ordinary Madness*). **ACTRESS:** SHIRLEY MACLAINE (*Terms of Endearment*). **SUPPORTING ACTOR:** (Tie) JACK NICHOLSON (*Terms of Endearment*), MANDY PATINKIN (*Daniel*). **SUPPORTING ACTRESS:** (Tie) AMANDA PLUMMER (*Daniel*), DIANA SCARWID (*Rumble Fish* and *Silkwood*). **SCENARIST (ORIGINAL):** DAVID SHERWIN (*Britannia Hospital*). **SCENARIST (ADAPTED):** E.L. DOCTOROW (*Daniel*). **CINEMATOGRAPHER (COLOR):** CALEB DESCHANÉL (*The Right Stuff*). **CINEMATOGRAPHER (MONOCHROME):** (Tie) STEVE BURUM (*Rumble Fish*), GORDON WILLIS (*Zelig*). **COMPOSER:** PHILIP GLASS (*Koyaanisqatsi*). **SPECIAL MENTION:** The reconstructed rereleases (in New York or Los Angeles) of Visconti's *THE LEOPARD*, Cukor's *A STAR IS BORN*, Tarkovsky's *ANDREI RUBLEV*.

stiffer. Mistake, mistake... It's a hip, irreverent, wildly entertaining comic epic on the Mercury Seven astronauts, iconoclastic and hero-worshipping by turns, so majestically photographed by Caleb Deschanel—in the skies and desert and some Jordan Belsonian deep space—that it often blows you away. Donald Moffat's wicked turn on LBJ is enough to make me love it; but it's more fun than any superepic in years—including *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

8. *Daniel* (D: Sidney Lumet. Sc: E.L. Doctorow. With Timothy Hutton, Ed Asner, Mandy Patinkin, Lindsay Crouse, Amanda Plummer, Ellen Barkin)—A harrowing family drama, loosely based on the Rosenberg case (comparisons to which kept popping up inanely in the reviews) Almost lacerating in its evocations of grief and its painful nostalgia for America's radical '30s, bathed by Lumet and cinematographer Andrzej Bartkowiak in golden and amber light. A labor of love for Lumet, which both

critics and audiences rejected, it recalls his abiding passions for director John Ford and playwright Eugene O'Neill.

9. *The State of Things* (D-Sc: Wim Wenders. With Allen Goorwitz and Sam Fuller)—Driven crazy, apparently, by the endless shooting and reshooting of *Hammett* (which I missed), writer-director Wim Wenders fled overseas during a lull to make this moody little tale of a "runaway" movie production that falls apart on location. A prizewinner at Venice, it probably says more—in its elliptical, off-slant way—about filmmaking than any other "inside" movie in decades.

10. *Streamers* (D: Robert Altman. Sc: David Rabe. With Matthew Moore, Michael Wright, David Alan Grier)—Six soldiers, four recruits and two veterans, and a day's worth of increasingly violent interaction in a barracks from which the next stop is Vietnam. Around

/ continued on page 92



Richard Farnsworth. *The Grey Fox*



Matt Dillon (center) swaggers in *Rumble Fish*.



Hollywood's Mercury Seven pose in *The Right Stuff*.



Graham Crowden cavorts in *Britannia Hospital*.



Burt Lancaster fingers Peter Riegert in *Local Hero*.

/ continued from page 68

was too long, or if you wore flares, or if you liked the wrong bands, you were not invited. Many Punks had come from social situations where they had been the outsiders. Having escaped suburbia, having been outcasts, they now had their own group from which they could sneer and deliver visual joits to the unimaginative, dumb, suburban world. Hippies that dared to go in the Masque might find their hair "accidentally" burned off. Polyester? Forget it. Disco fags? Laughed back to West Hollywood. Though some early Punks were gay, they kept it to themselves. If you didn't have the right degree of street cool, you'd find yourself pogo'd to the floor. Though the Masque Punks had considerably longer hair than the current breed of hard-core skinheads, then, as now, style dictated commitment.

December, 1977

The Screamers were headlining the Whiskey with exciting shows using visual props in addition to the band's increasingly sophisticated and bizarre technoshock music. The Weirdos were at the pinnacle of their power, creating an unbridled enthusiasm in their audiences that few bands have ever matched. New Year's Eve featured Black Randy making his debut at the Masque, doing send-ups of James Brown with a backup chorus of Tomata Du Plenty, John Denny and Bobby Pyn. It was a typically wild party. One woman was taking on five different men, including the 300-pound security guard "Tiny." Beer was all over the floor. An obnoxious Punk groupie had her coat shoved down a shitty toilet by angry Punkettes, the Plungers. People were stoned, drunk, dancing, falling down, glaring at poseurs, and having the time of their lives. Like the Clash had predicted, the L.A. kids were having a riot of their own. They had the Masque, they had *Slash* and *Flipside*, they had *Dangerhouse*. They had control of their music and their scene and it didn't seem as if anything could take it away. Everybody was anticipating the Sex Pistols' upcoming appearance in San Francisco, and it seemed like the major Punk revolution was on the verge of becoming a realistic fact instead of a small cult party. And then the shut hit the fan.

January, 1978

It seemed appropriate that *Slash* would come out with a cover featuring dozens of pictures of local scenesters, since the Punk scene was so much more than the bands—even the fans had their own in-



Bags (l r) Patricia and Ahce at Mabuhey Gardens.

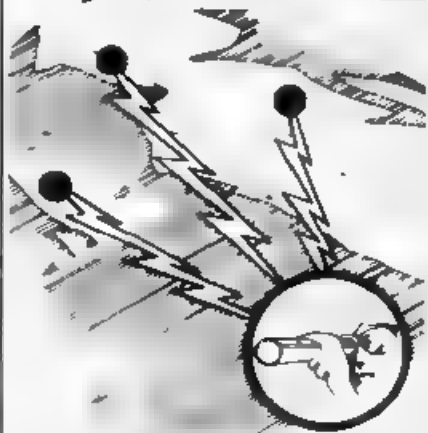


Crowd at Black Flag concert



Keith Morris of the Circle Jerks.

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Plungers immediately got in a beat-up Volkswagen, following the band across the country. In Texas, Hellin Killer socked Sid Vicious in the nose, endearing the bassist to the young Killer. But the Pistols' last show in San Francisco was uncomfortable, stiff and surrounded by thousands of ugly, stupid, witless suburbanites playing at a scene they had no commitment to.

Even though the Masque couldn't have shows, due to local official harassment, it still remained a practice space for struggling bands like the Mau-Maus and Model Citizens. The space was also used for parties. After one Masque event, a popular Punk named Rod Donahue invited people back to his apartment in a large, run-down apartment complex called the Canterbury.

Claimed to be the scene of the famous Blue Dahlia murder of the Hollywood 40s, the Canterbury was run by a Rastafarian "minister." Its three stories of faded grandeur were occupied by black pimps and drug dealers, displaced Southeast Asians living 10 to a room, Chicano families, bikers from a halfway house, in addition to various bag ladies and shopping-cart men. The owner had no objection to people with pink and green hair moving into this menagerie, and whole contingents of Punks started moving into the building. By February, members of the Screamers, Germs, Extremes, Weirdos, Bags, Deadbeats and members of the Plungers' disbanded commune lived there with some of the bands rehearsing in the basement.

One of the most popular Punk girls was a roly-poly, friendly little crazy-colored fan named Margot Olaverria. Known by some as one of the wildest party girls, Olaverria had met a girl named Elissa Bello and the two of them decided they'd form an all-girl band. Margot went about recruiting new members and asked Belinda, the roommate of Germs bassist Lorna Doom, to sing. Then she approached tiny Jane Wiedlin, who was vaguely pursuing a fashion designer's career, to play guitar. Though none of the girls could play their instruments, they started writing songs in the apartment Jane shared with boyfriend Terry, the drummer for the Bags. They decided to call themselves the Go-Gos. Though people scoffed at the idea of these wild Punk girls ever actually playing onstage, there was hope that the Go-Gos would pull together the first all-girl Punk band, which the Plungers had never really been able to do.

February, 1978

Brendan Mullen was desperately trying to raise money to bring the Masque up to fire-code regulations, and started organizing a two-day Masque benefit. Held in a beautiful old downtown building, Elks Lodge (which would play an important part in the local scene's history a year later), the benefit offered the most comprehensive picture of the L.A. underground to that point, featuring every essential band in the Punk scene. There was L.A.'s first Punk-rock band, the Weirdos, whose popularity was starting to wane, the Screamers, at the height of their popularity and creative powers, the Dickies, who bypassed the Weirdos and had a rabid following madly pogoing to their zany antics, the Germs, whose Bobby Pyn had changed his name to Darby Crash, the Bags, featuring two exotic girls, Alice and Patricia, the Zeros, the Skulls, the Fleas, the Plugz. But probably the most historically important set came Sunday afternoon when X, who had only played a few gigs up to that point, borrowed Eyes drummer Don for their set. It was the first indication of the real X, the powerful yet intimate band that would come to dominate the L.A. scene. The mad two-day affair ended with a loaded Black Randy trying to find satirical coherence amidst a stage full of people jamming on instruments. In the meantime some Punks had found a refrigerator filled with cupcakes and were throwing them at the audience. It was typical of the great spirit of '77 - end the gig in a food fight, another shambles, another great party.

After the party was over, there were some basic truths that had to be dealt with. For some there was a bitter aftertaste. Part of the Punk scene's ethic had been that the bands were equal, that there be none of the star-trips that one associated with the corporate music industry. Yet the bands had been bitching and bickering about their position on the Benefit bill. There had been a camaraderie based on the need for survival among the bands, this too was slipping away. The Screamers were elitist and secretive, very much playing up the star syndrome. The Weirdos kicked out their original bass player because a record producer claimed he didn't sound good in the studio. The Dickies were starting to be looked on as opportunists who had manipulated the Punk scene in order to get a recording contract, using unlimited guest lists full of Punk fans to impress A&M into finally signing the band.

August, 1978

Once again things were deteriorating. The Rock Corporation was never the right place to be, and the bikers were not happy having their living room invaded by crazy-color. The Canterbury was beginning to get especially ugly. The halls smelled like shit, someone constantly pissed in the elevator (right on the wall where someone had spray-painted PIRANNAS EAT LESBIAN SHIT), one girl was raped at gunpoint, cockroaches were everywhere, and another girl had an angry neighbor throw a pot of boiling soup on her face. Racial tensions were high. The basement rehearsal room had been padlocked, little fires were breaking out and the Punks started to flee. What had been envisioned as L.A.'s equivalent to the Chelsea Hotel was no longer hospitable to kids playing Wire and Sham 69 full blast at four in the morning.

February, 1979

Two important visitors came to town. The Clash played (with the Dils opening), but the band was even more anticlimactic than the Pistols. The group's set was unfocused, featuring songs from the uninteresting second album. More significant was the appearance at the New Masque of Levi & the Rockats. Suddenly girls were trading in bondage pants for poodle skirts. Though the Rockats never lived up to their initial hype, a strong devout rockabilly cult was maintained and grew to the point where today's rockabilly shows swarm with fans.

March 17, 1979

Things seemed to be going rather routinely at the Elks Lodge. Inside the theater a great concert was going on, featuring the top bands of the day, the Alleycats, the Plugz and the increasingly popular Go-Gos. The Go-Gos had moved away from their early, angry Punk diatribes towards a more pop-inflected sound, singing with canny harmonies about "London Boys." The Wipers, a group from Oregon, played. The Zeros, who were playing L.A. less and considering a move to San Francisco, made an appearance. There was a fairly calm mood in the crowd. The English proprietors of the new clothing store, Poseur, were telling the sound man to change his music (not Punk enough for these fashion dilettantes). Outside the steps leading to the lobby, dozens of Punks, tourists and music fans idly lounged about. Certainly nothing

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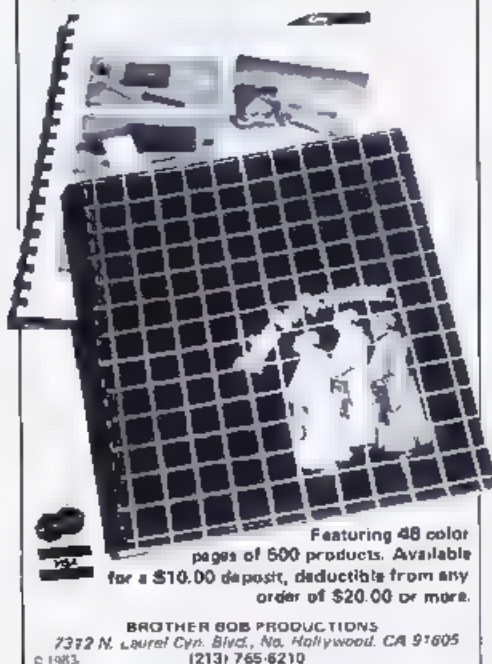
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VISIONS

/ continued from page 85

them, as the games heat up and the skull begins to split through the skin, are the calm, featureless, sterile walls of the army barracks, which are also the walls of society, the walls of war, the walls that separate all men from each other. David Rabe's chilling play, full of icy brutality and unnerving sensitivity, is transcribed to the screen by that most stormily controversial and raffishly ingenious of American directors, Robert Altman. Done on a shoe-string, with battering-ram intensity.

11. *Terms of Endearment* (D-Sc: James Brooks. Cam: Andrzej Bartkowiak. With Shirley MacLaine, Debra Winger, Jack Nicholson, Jeff Daniels, John Lithgow)—Several decades in the lives of a Texas widow, her daughter and the high-living astronaut next door. A wonderful comic tearjerker from the Larry McMurtry novel; Brooks (from TV's "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," which explains the sitcomish ambience) telescopes the women's lives with such skill that, until the end, you never really feel the rush, never realize how much (almost 30 years and dozens of characters) he's showing you. And MacLaine and Nicholson as the widow and the flyboy cook up a delicious comic-erotic rapport, an instantly classic pairing. This movie was loved by so many critics and audiences that a sort of backlash has set in—a "Stop Terms from the Oscar" movement. But why knock something good just because it's been overpraised?

12. *Videodrome* (D-Sc: David Cronenberg. With James Woods, Debbie Harry)—A sleazy little cable-porno entrepreneur tries to track down the ultimate S&M, snuff/porn channel, and finds himself caught on the knife-edge between reality and nightmare, life and death, morality and the abyss. The year's best horror movie: a genuine blood-freezer

13. *Never Cry Wolf* (D: Carroll Ballard. Sc: Hanson, Hamm, Kletter, Smith, etc. With Charles Martin Smith, Brian Dennehy)—A love affair between an almost comically inept naturalist and the white wolves of the great icy Alaskan wilderness. This is probably the best live-action feature the Disney studio has ever released. Put director Ballard (who also made *The Black Stallion*) in some kind of wilderness and you're seemingly guaranteed visual majesty, poetry, and the feel of the wind on your face. □

SOUNDS

/ continued from previous page

was as severe as the first Elks Masque benefit a year ago when Bruce Barf (of the Weirdos, Controllers, Skulls, Wall of Voodoo and Masque infamy) pissed on the crowd from the balcony.

So it was a bit surprising to see a chorus line of helmeted riot cops march into the Elks building. It didn't seem to make sense—there was nothing really going on. Maybe a glass was broken, but it was no more violent than some of the fights that erupted at weddings held in the Elks building.

When the police turned and walked out, people laughed and jeered at what looked like an incredible waste of cop power.

Then suddenly it happened. The cops came charging into the building, swinging their clubs and knocking down helpless kids. Pandemonium broke out. There had been no spoken order to leave the building, but now angry cops were chasing angrier Punks. I was sitting next to Jeff Atta and his girlfriend Dorothy when the cop-charge came. I immediately ran, but Atta, not understanding what was wrong, held his ground. The next time I saw him, Jeff Atta had a huge wound in the middle of his forehead with several stitches in it, and Dorothy had a black eye and cuts all over her face. Her sister, furious at this police brutality, had been seen at the riot swinging a board at a cop. Other kids were seen throwing bricks through police car windows.

Elks Lodge created an immediate media furor. An obvious misuse of police power, it was the first major incident of police brutality since the Vietnam War era, where the cops had instigated a mini-riot for no reason. The original Masque basement became a temporary center for helping victims of what was called "The Saint Patrick's Day Massacre."

It set a precedent. In the old days the cops might have shown up when the Plungers parties got too wild, or when a show spilled out into the street, but basically the cops left the Punks alone. Who cared if a bunch of weird-looking kids were drinking, fake-fight dancing and listening to ear-shattering music? After Elks Lodge the police became a genuine menace and started appearing at shows with increasing regularity.

June, 1979

Black Flag released their first EP, *Ner-*

Just along the coast, in soon-to-be-infamous Huntington Beach, a tiny scene of about seven bands (Screws, Outsiders, Slashers, Crowd, Klan and, later, China White and the Blades) was spreading faster than herpes in Hollywood. The first and foremost band of the hour was Vicious Circle, who started doing shows at the Fleetwood in Redondo. The Fleetwood was the club of the hour for second-generation Punks in Orange County and the South Bay. Hollywood contingent bands (Weirdos, Fear, X, Bags) as well as the even newer one-song-wonders. This provided the first major meeting place for the two previously stranded scenes. What the Fleetwood lacked in glamour—it was something of an old supermarket—it made up for in pure frightening tension. The dancing at the Fleetwood was not the paltry arm-waving, sneer-on-the-face "slam" practiced these days by kids introduced to the scene through television. The violent dancing at the Fleetwood was the kind where midway through a Vicious Circle set, 12 ambulances with 24 stretchers would pull up outside. Beach kids, whose lives revolved around heavy physical prowess, were out to kick ass. Soon, Vicious Circle would disband because of the fights. Many of the jocks

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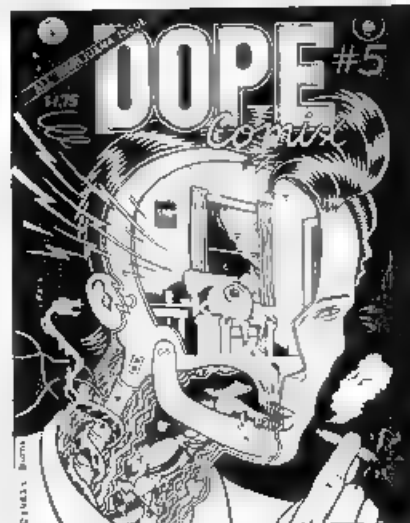
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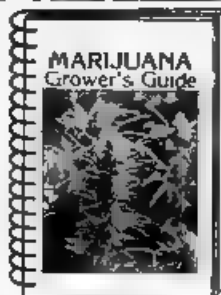
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went on to become soldiers as soon as blood wasn't chic on the scene.

Summer, 1980

Early in the summer of '80, just after 999 and the Dead Kennedys had successfully played L.A., Patrick Goldstein, a writer with the L.A. Times, ran an article called "The SLAMI!" This freely exploited and made media-meat out of the suburban Punk scene, citing that Punks (especially Orange County kids) were criminal, vicious and dangerous. Naturally this drew a whole new wave of fungus out of places too placid to even be suburbs, who read "Punk rock" as "drawing blood." It was a disaster for such bands as Black Flag, the Circle Jerks, Fear, China White, etc. It banned them from clubs, jeopardized any party they played, any flyer they put out and even fans that wore their stickers. The Huntington Beach police department began to refer to bands as "gangs." So naturally a person with a Blades sticker was a member of the Blades gang. Not helping matters were various news exposés on "beach punk killers and whores."

At the end of the summer of '80 two men who owned a cutesy new-wave shop wanted to put on a Punk show at a cheap hall called the Hideaway. The show was to have Black Flag, the Circle Jerks and the best new bands including Mad Society (five kiddies from the Starwood parking-lot scene). Three hundred Punks showed up. They were greeted by one door with an endless line, a hot club and a cheesy sound system. What do packs of angry Punks do when greeted with stress? Riot. A car was pushed into the club, and one of the club's walls was effortlessly knocked over by the frustrated fans. Not a week later Black Flag and D.O.A. played the Whiskey, and halfway through the show it seemed there would be no problems. But the police showed up and told the line of people waiting for the next show that only 200 people would be admitted. They then proceeded to rip up the tickets of people in line! Someone threw a bottle at a cop car and like lightning the strip was closed off. Within an hour a riot was happening. The police who worked this beat must have been thrilled with this throwback to the days of Buffalo Springfield and For What It's Worth. It seemed like Black Flag would never play again. However, being the businessmen that they were, they booked a supergig at Baces Hall with the Screws from Huntington, the Adolescents and San Francisco's Punk pride and joy, U.X.A.

Baces Hall had been the home for many memorable Punk shows featuring S.F.'s Mutants, Dils and Avengers, as well as Fear, X and the Bags, among others. But that had been in a different era, and when hundreds of intense, aggressive kids showed up for a Black Flag show, the owner got cold feet and called in the cops. More than ready, the police cordoned-off the street, creating a riot atmosphere that was conveniently captured on film. Rona Barrett would later show this film and interview Chuck from Black Flag and Daphne, Mad Society's mentor and manager, on the "Tomorrow" show. The spirit in the air in late 1980 wasn't comfortable, but it was as inspiring as anything in rock 'n' roll or politics yet.

Only the news made a difference in December of '80. The final Germs smash at the Starwood and the suicide of Darby Crash aka Bobby Pyn aka Jan Paul Beam. If the L.A. underground had a leader, it was Darby. Darby's close friends and various in-crowders from the Skinhead Manor (a house for Punk loners near Hollywood High), fell apart in grief. It seems grief has no place in the music scene. Darby took living on the fringe seriously. But his timing was off in a most ironic way. John Lennon died hours later.

From the land of fish and chips a new kinda beat, new kinda eyeliner/dress code and new kinda promotional package sailed ashore to America snapping up trendies like a clam: enter the New Romantics. Its biggest, most marketable item, Adam and the Ants, were the first. At their appearance at Tower Records on the Sunset Strip they were greeted with quite a surprise, truckloads of Punks with BLACK FLAG KILLS ANTS ON CONTACT stickers heaving Safeway eggs at them. While a few bald kids weren't going to stifle a new-wave sensation, it certainly had Adam befuddled. That night he angrily smashed his precious cane on the wall at KROQ before Rodney's show.

Following Adam came hordes of lush crooners in lace with Casio machine drumbeats like Human League, Human League and, of course, that other band, Human League. As a mass movement NewRo had little to offer. But L.A. picked up on it, and fast, with the warbling of bands like Kommunity FK and Aphoticulture. Vinyl Fetish, the best record store west of Istanbul, began sponsoring a weekly night of dressers-up and import plastic at the Cathay in the porn section of Hollywood. Dubbed "The Veil" by its creators Joseph Brooks

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and Henry Peck, the Monday-night event created a mini-fashion revolution that lasted a couple of months. The idea of a club that only played records, a post-Punk discotheque, was quickly seized on by opportunists with a lot less taste and a lot more money. Suddenly there were new-wave discos playgrounds for middle-class namby-pamby too scared by the dread "P-rock" Fed on a cultivated diet of cutesy new-wave novelty tunes by converted KROQ, dozens of sweetly vapid Noo Wavesters deserted clubs with live bands and started shaking their Span-dex asses in the very same disco environments that Punk rock had hoped to eliminate.

The Horror Rock scene arose, picking up on the grim side of NewRo fashion with L.A.'s own well-earned sense of black humor and surf-crutch sound. What this group of tightly associated bands produced in two years (many of the groups had pulled up out of the graveyards as early as mid-1980), Black Sabbath couldn't've done in seven bird-eatings. At the forefront of the scene was 45 Grave, formed from the ashes of the Canterbury apartment scene and fronted by beautiful batgirl Mary Sims (aka Dinah Cancer). Best of all, though short-lived and sporadic, were the volup-tuously frightening Castration Squad. Their songs like "A Date with (dead) Jack [Kennedy]" chilled the soul and tickled the funny bone, in a sick Don Rickles way.

1981-1982

The Blasters from Downey could pack the Whiskey with Hollywood nocturnals and teenybopper losers. But until the end of the year rockabilly was a word that sounded like Elvis Presley and reeked of old movies for suburban television rats. With the introduction of Jimmy and the Mustangs, the onslaught of weekly Top Jimmy and the Rhythm Pigs shows at the Cathay, and some enthusiastic write-ups in the most available papers, everybody got a quiff and did the Bop Bop Bop! Many kids too restrained to become Punks broke loose with rockabilly and bands from Orange County, such as the young Red Devils, Rockin' Rebels and the Whirlybirds formed. The stand-up basses and cute dollylike singers were packin' in "goils more than, pardon the expression, "cats." (Possibly attracted to the less violent atmosphere.) The Blasters released their second and most professional album on Slash, and before you could say "Go-cat-go" the single "I'm Shakin'" was a national hit and march-

ing up the *Billboard* chart in badass shiny shoes. On New Year's Eve the Blasters played with Fear and Black Flag in one of the strangest booking concoctions of the '80s. It was one fine shundig with the Punks dancing Blaster-wise and the rockabilly-lovers bopping to the Punk bands. This partylike event took place downtown at the New Olympic Auditorium. Chalk one up for diversity.

1982 brought a fresh cohesive scene labeled "Post Punk." Fear released a classic, smooth album on Slash. The Dickies returned rarin' to roar with songs about their sex organs. The air of something big was cutting through the smog and exhaust of the Big Smoke. You could sense it in the tingly perfection of Red Cross's teen quack rock, the "all-babe" Bangs' rambunctious '60s rhythms, the Dream Syndicate's underground velvety sound and the multilanguage Fibonaccis.

But by the end of 1982 clubs were closing left and right while many Punks were retreating into reactionary, revivalist movements. The Mod scene, safer, cleaner and more accessible than Punk, became a social affair, with The Untouchables able to pack major clubs like the Roxy simply because they had the right two-tone look. Rockabilly became hugely popular in Orange County with ex-skinheads sporting quiffs and bopping to James Intveld, Rockin' Rebels, Red Devils with their talented singer Emmy Lee, the Gyromatics and a dozen Stray Cat imitators. Most of whom were better than the Cats themselves.

The problem was that many people didn't seem to care anymore. Apathy had set in. The Music Machine in West L.A. was starting to book great shows by the end of 1982, but more people were interested in going to bland new-wave discos and dancing to insipid novelty numbers by Missing Persons and Toni Basil. People became so hungry for the next thing that they lost sight of the original intense energy that had fueled the band revolution in L.A.

Optimistically, there are still a lot of valuable groups making essential meaningful statements. The Minutemen, Redd Kross (formerly Red Cross) and the Descendents are at the peak of their playing power, but it's becoming increasingly difficult for these groups to be heard or seen. What was once so hard to do (form a Punk band) is now done "by the numbers," with kids settling for style over content. This is always the imminent danger in new music movements. It has to keep a check on itself, lest it become the thing it originally sought to replace. □

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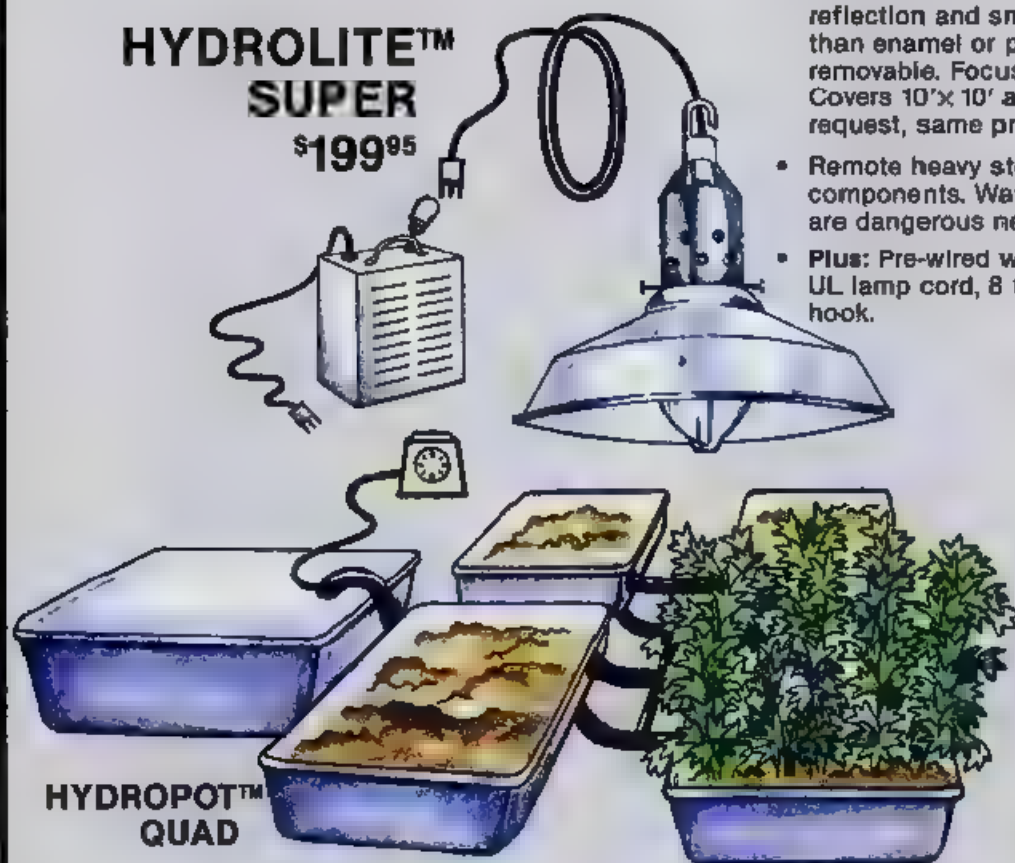


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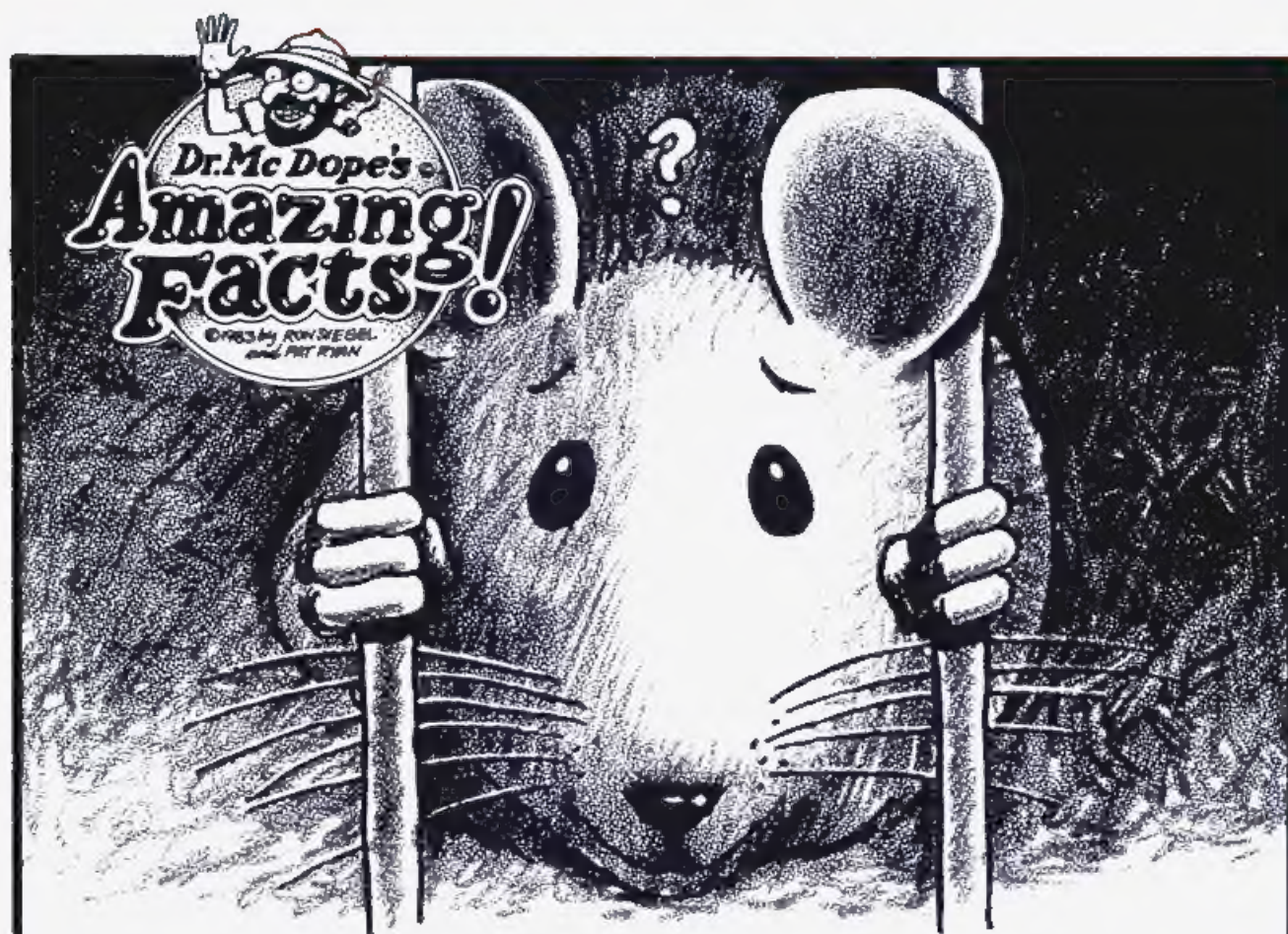
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